

# TARGET

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# COMICS

10¢

TARGET



VOL.8 №1

MARCH





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page



## The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang:

Your comments are pouring in at a fast and furious rate. Our scoreboard, based on letters received during August, 1946, shows "The Cadet" leading in popularity; "Gary Stark" second; "The Target and the Targeteers" third, and "The Chameleon" and "Dan'l Flannel" tied for fourth.

One important question concerns the serial treatment of "Gary Stark." Many readers seem to like the suspense which is built up by leaving Gary and his friends in tight spots from month to month. Others, however, think that a complete story should be told in each issue. Letters expressing both these opinions can be found on the readers' side of this page. Note how we have replied to Donald Powell's letter. We'd appreciate more comments from you on that score.

You will also notice that we have included two letters which mention errors of omission and commission in our Q's and A's. We want you to know that we are always ready to acknowledge mistakes in any shape, form or manner. We try to back up every question and answer with considerable research, but once in a while something may slip by. We are grateful to you for your attention to these details.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I just finished the October issue of TARGET. In the answer to Question Number 17 you state that the Columbia River is in Washington. It is also in Oregon.

Yours truly,  
Fred Larson  
Astoria, Oregon

*You're right as rain, Fred. The answer should have been worded: "The Columbia River which originates in B.C., flows across Washington, then between Washington and Oregon."*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Just a few lines to let you know how much I dislike "Gary Stark." Partly because it is a continued strip, partly because it doesn't seem like it could happen—it seems very silly to me!

The other features are okay, except that I think the author of the strip about Kit Carter puts too many bad sports in it. I don't think he would find so many bad sports in real life.

Yours truly,  
Donald Eugene Powell  
Seaside, Calif.

*How about the serial treatment of "Gary Stark," gang? Do you think a complete story should be told in each issue?*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your September issue of TARGET COMICS and I thought it was very good. I know that other boys and girls think the same.

The story I enjoy the most is "Gary Stark." I have also read the Editors' column in which you asked: "Do you want Bull's-Eye Bill back?"

Well, yes. When he was in TARGET COMICS my brother and I used to enjoy reading him. I hope he comes back.

Gustave Stockinger, Jr.  
Middle Village, N. Y.

*If you want to see more of Bill, Gustave, you'll find him in this issue—and in many more to come.*

Dear Editors:

While playing football I was seriously injured in trying to get through the line of an opposing high-school team. My parents and I thought I would not live.

I had nothing to do but worry, until someone gave me a pack of comic books. I read them all, but I read TARGET over and over.

Believe it or not, I think TARGET cured me.

Raoul Shorr  
Allentown, Pa.

*We're happy to hear the TARGET was a good tonic, Raoul, and we hope you'll be in on the next kickoff.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am a sport fan, so the story that I like best is "The Cadet." I'd like it very much if you would have more sport stories.

I'm waiting for the next issue of TARGET COMICS so I can see what happened in "Gary Stark." Boy, that's a top-notch story.

Very truly yours,  
Joseph Anzman  
New York, N. Y.

*We're thinking about introducing more sport stories, Joseph. And wait till you see Gary out on his own—he's really going to meet up with adventure.*

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

In the September issue of TARGET COMICS you said that Wyoming has the smallest population in the United States.

My father and I looked it up in a 1946 almanac. Nevada is the 49th in population, since they counted the District of Columbia.

Sincerely,  
Nancy Fryberger  
Sheridan, Wyo.

*A slip in the Q and A department, Nancy. Nevada, according to the 1940 census, has the smallest population. The population of Wyoming in 1940 was 250,742; that of Nevada, 110,247.*

\* \* \*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

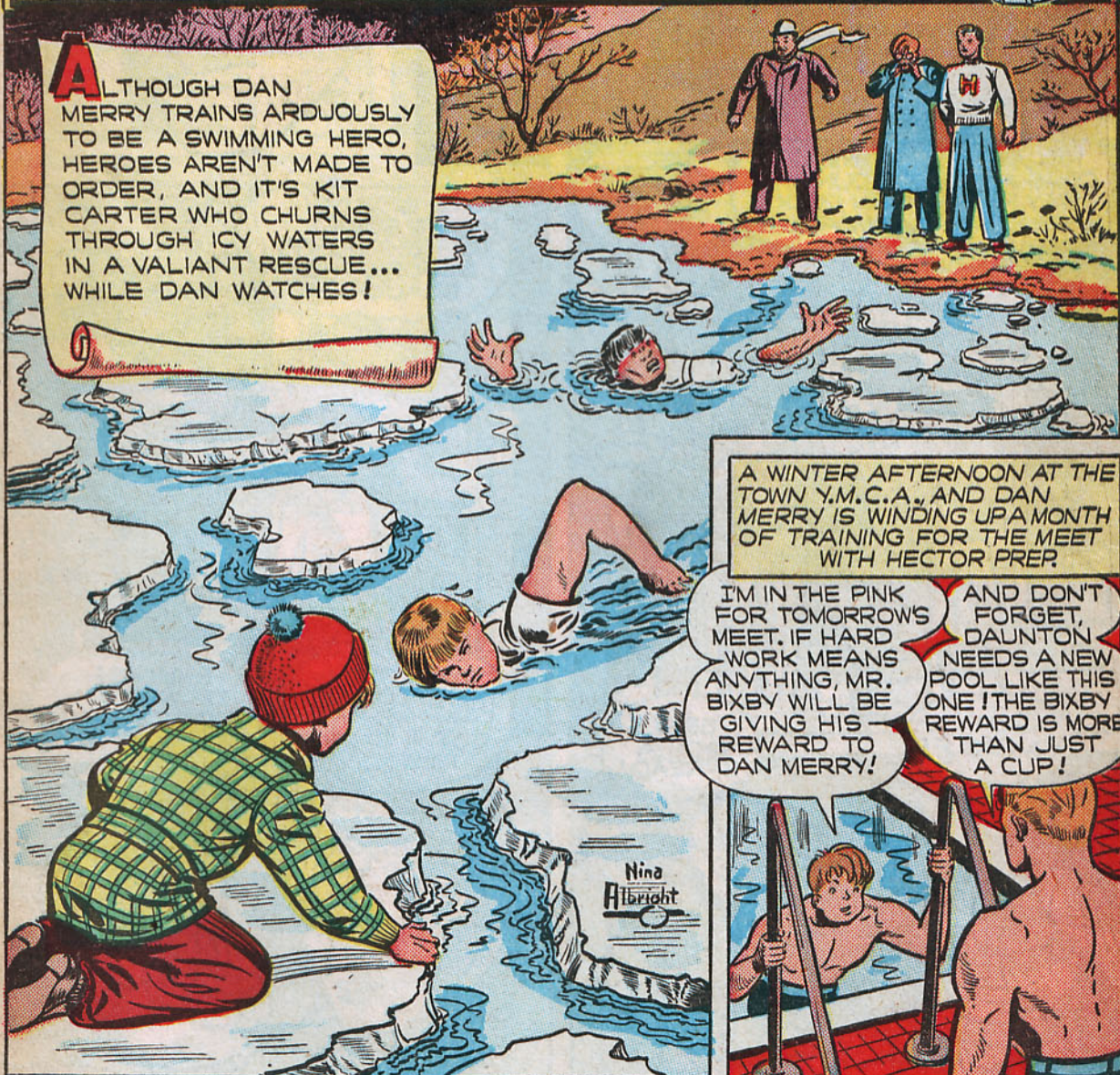


# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**A**LTHOUGH DAN MERRY TRAINS ARDUOUSLY TO BE A SWIMMING HERO, HEROES AREN'T MADE TO ORDER, AND IT'S KIT CARTER WHO CHURNS THROUGH ICY WATERS IN A VALIANT RESCUE... WHILE DAN WATCHES!



A WINTER AFTERNOON AT THE TOWN Y.M.C.A., AND DAN MERRY IS WINDING UP A MONTH OF TRAINING FOR THE MEET WITH HECTOR PREP.

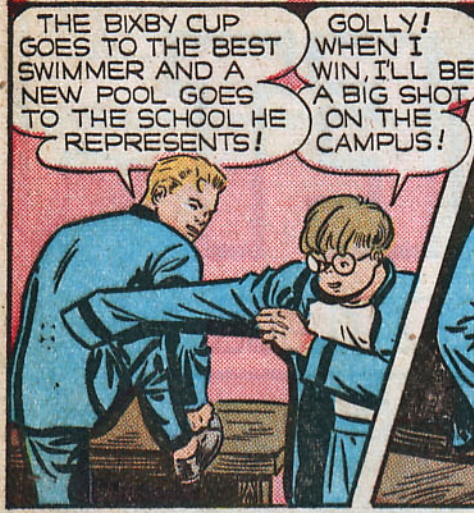
I'M IN THE PINK FOR TOMORROW'S MEET. IF HARD WORK MEANS ANYTHING, MR. BIXBY WILL BE GIVING HIS REWARD TO DAN MERRY!

AND DON'T FORGET, DAUNTON NEEDS A NEW POOL LIKE THIS ONE! THE BIXBY REWARD IS MORE THAN JUST A CUP!

Nina Albright

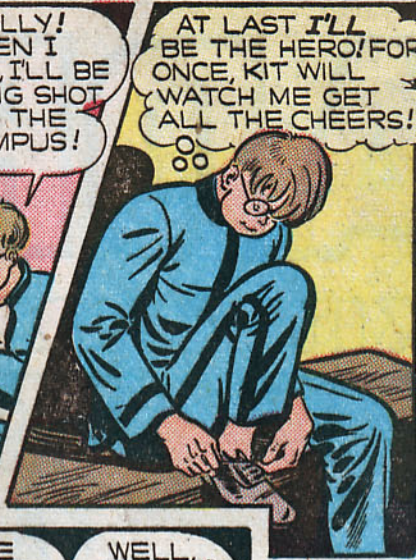
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personages.





THE BIXBY CUP GOES TO THE BEST SWIMMER AND A NEW POOL GOES TO THE SCHOOL HE REPRESENTS!

GOLLY! WHEN I WIN, I'LL BE A BIG SHOT ON THE CAMPUS!



AT LAST I'LL BE THE HERO! FOR ONCE, KIT WILL WATCH ME GET ALL THE CHEERS!



I SURE HOPE DAN COMES THROUGH! HE'S WORKED SO HARD...AND DAUNTON NEEDS A POOL BADLY!



HI, CADETS! COME ALL THIS WAY FOR A BEATING!

WE'RE COUNTING ON DUCKY WEAVER!

WELL, COUNT HIM OUT, CHUMS!

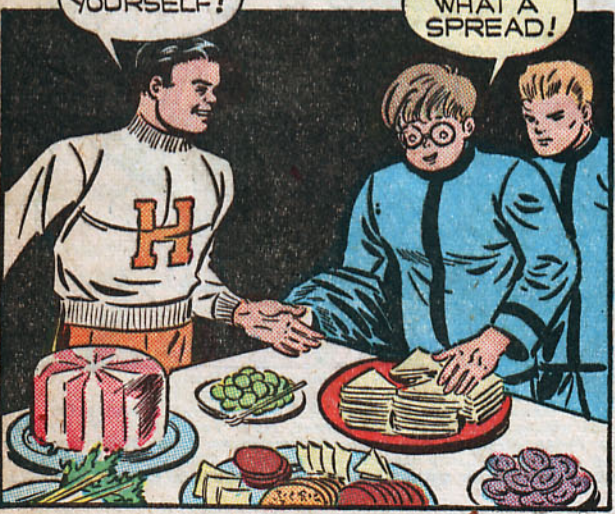


COME IN, GUYS! HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS BEFORE THE SLAUGHTER!

FOOD? OH, BOY!

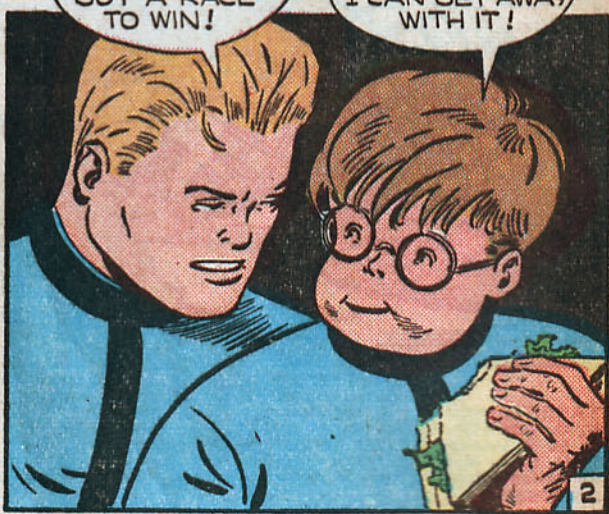
EASY ON THE CALORIES, DAN! YOU'VE GOT A RACE TO WIN!

SHUCKS! I'M IN SUCH GOOD CONDITION I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT!



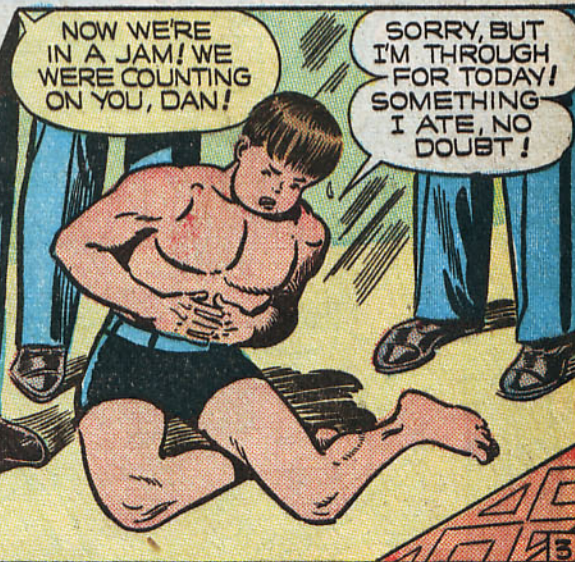
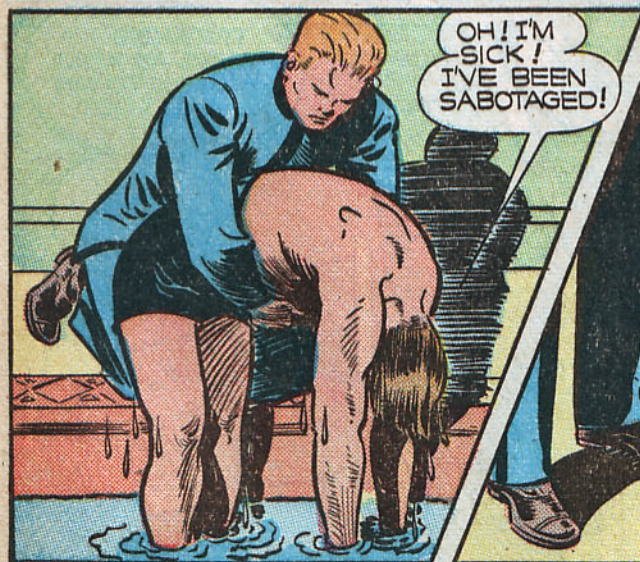
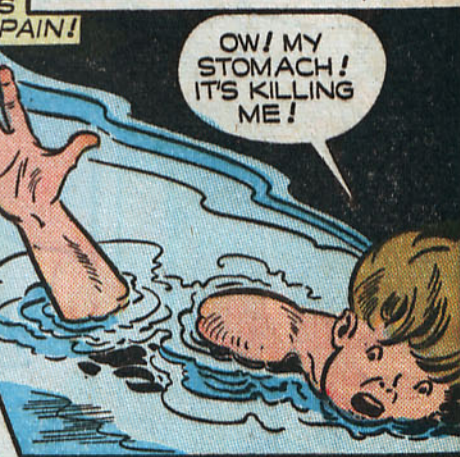
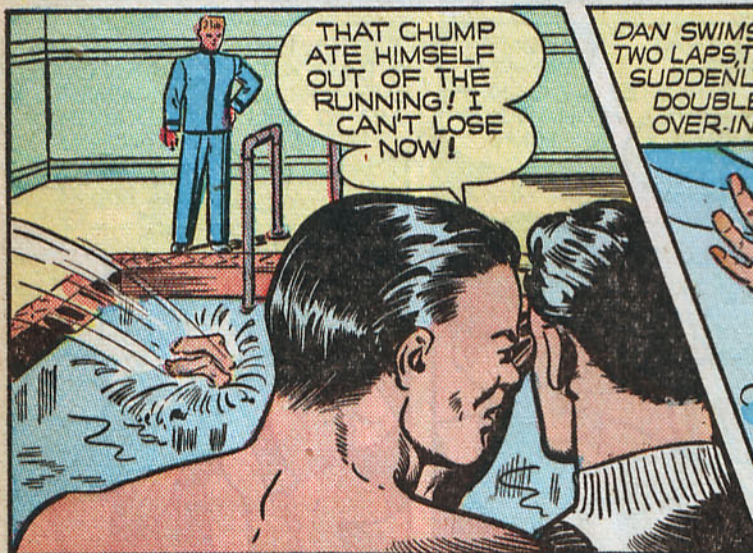
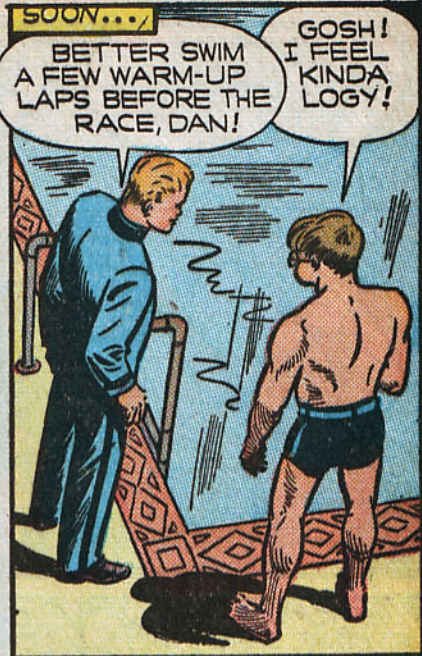
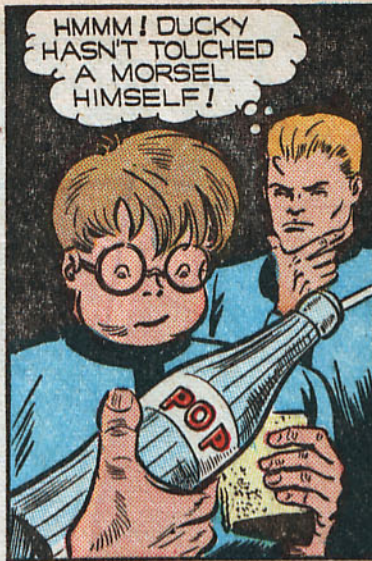
HELP YOURSELF!

GEE! WHAT A SPREAD!

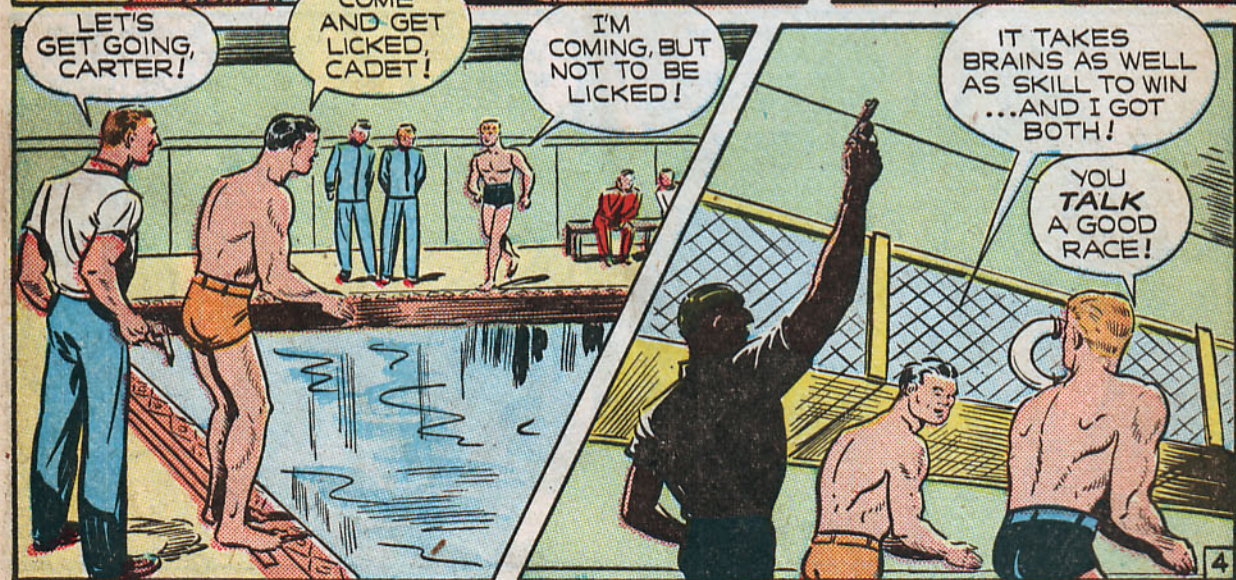
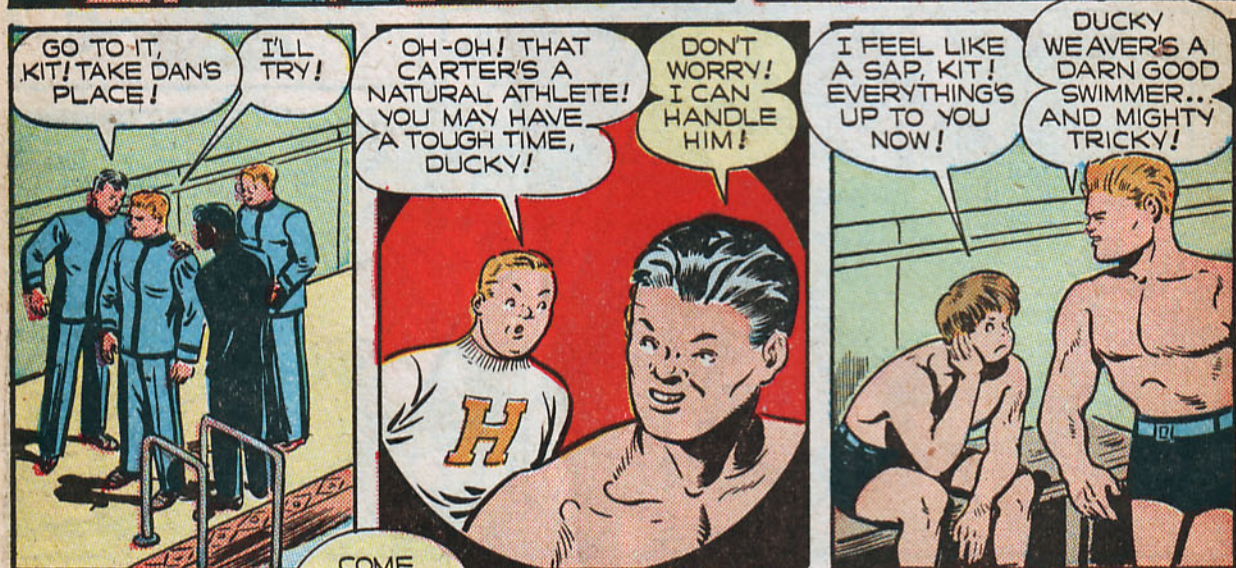
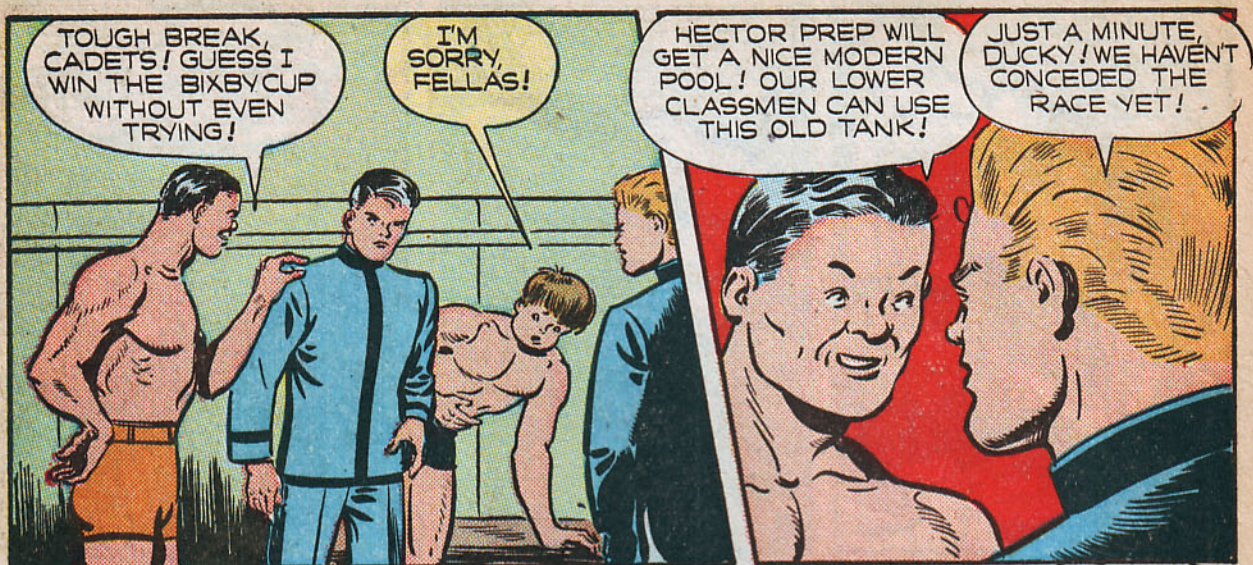


QUESTION No. 1. Competition in what sport decides the winner of the Davis Cup?

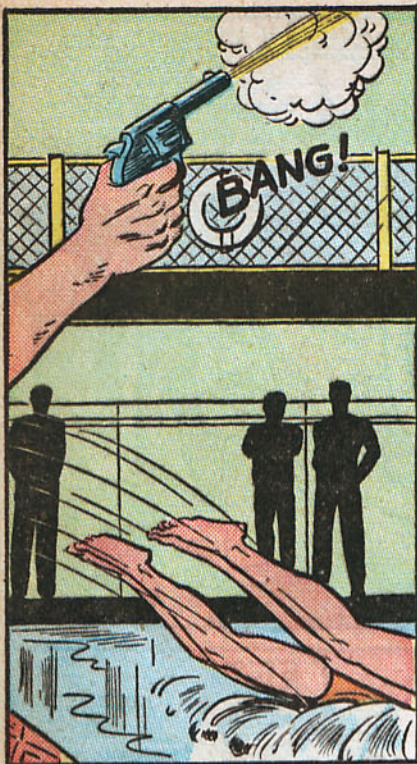




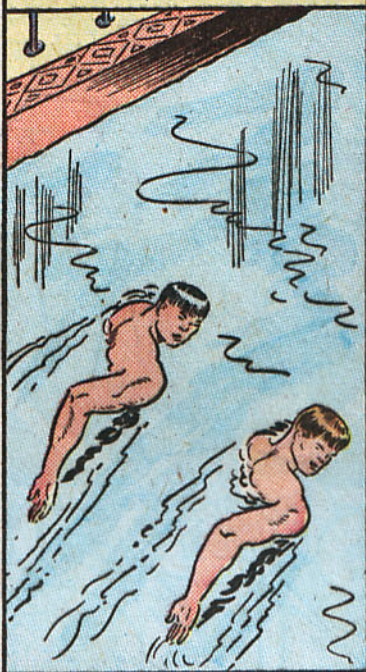






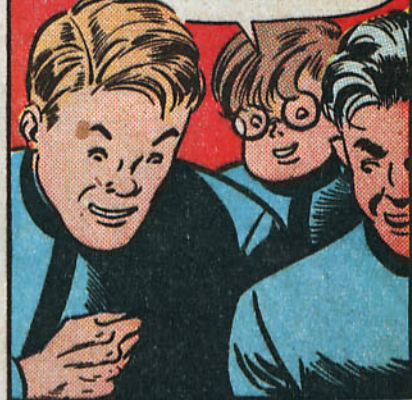


KIT AND DUCKY WEAVER  
CHURN UP AND DOWN  
THE POOL, NECK AND NECK

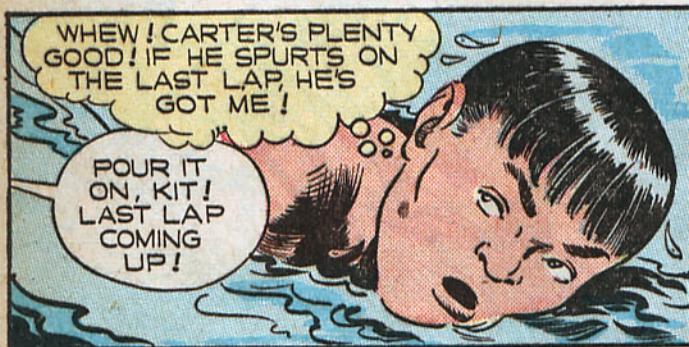
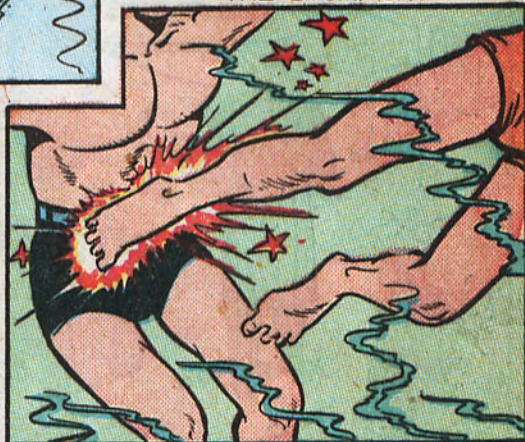


CMON,  
KIT!

KIT'S HOLDING  
HIS STRENGTH IN  
RESERVE! ON THE  
LAST LAP HE'LL  
REALLY TURN ON  
THE HEAT!



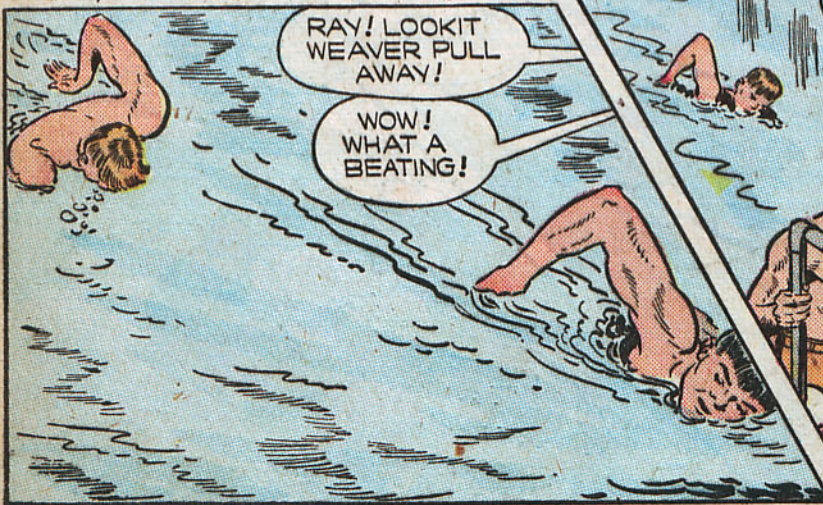
AT THE TURN, DUCKY LASHES  
OUT UNDER WATER, AND  
KICKS KIT IN THE PIT OF  
THE STOMACH!



WHEW! CARTER'S PLENTY  
GOOD! IF HE SPURTS ON  
THE LAST LAP, HE'S  
GOT ME!

POUR IT  
ON, KIT!  
LAST LAP  
COMING  
UP!

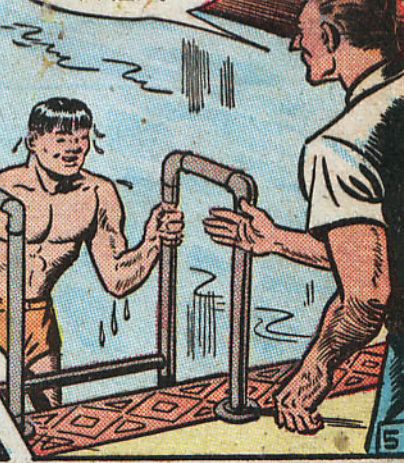
STAGGERED BY THE UNSEEN FOUL  
BLOW, KIT FALLS FAR BEHIND!



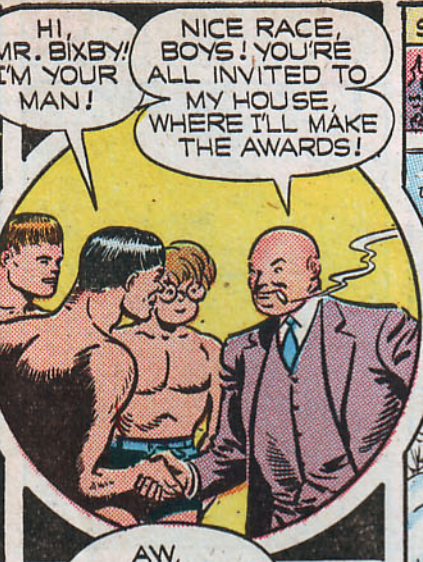
RAY! LOOKIT  
WEAVER PULL  
AWAY!

WOW!  
WHAT A  
BEATING!

DUCKY  
WEAVER WINS  
FOR HECTOR  
PREP!







THE SLED LODGES ON AN ICE CAKE...WHICH BREAKS LOOSE AND FLOATS DOWN THE RIVER!



THE BOY'S SAFE  
UNTIL THE FLOE  
BREAKS UP..  
..BUT THAT WON'T  
BE LONG!

YOU CAN'T  
SWIM IN THAT!  
THE WATER'S  
TOO COLD!

GO ON,  
DUCKY! YOU'RE  
THE BEST  
SWIMMER!  
HELP THEM!

YEAH!  
DON'T LET  
DAUNTON  
SHOW US  
UP!

PLEASE!  
SAVE MY  
BOY!

BUT-I-AM  
USED TO HEATED  
WATER! I'M WORN  
OUT FROM THE  
RACE!

GO  
ON!

DUCKY RELUCTANTLY STRIKES OUT BUT  
THE SWIFT, ICY CURRENT TERRIFIES HIM!

HELP! MY  
ARMS ARE GOING  
NUMB! I CAN'T  
SWIM!

HOLY COW!  
BUCK UP,  
DUCKY!

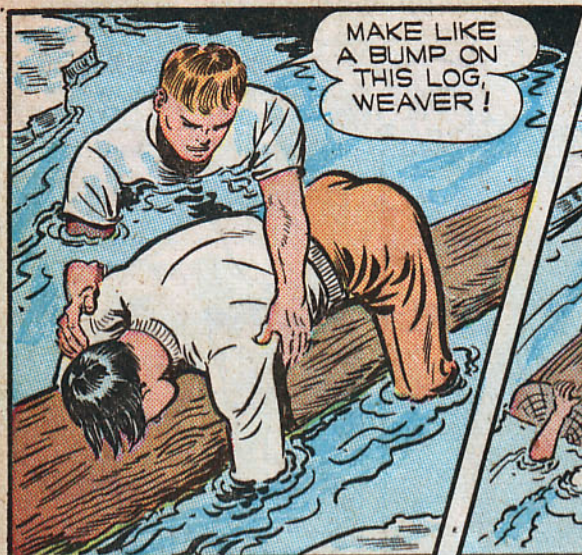
BRRR! IT'S  
COLD! HELP  
ME, CARTER!  
HELP ME!

TAKE IT  
EASY! YOU'LL  
DROWN US  
BOTH!

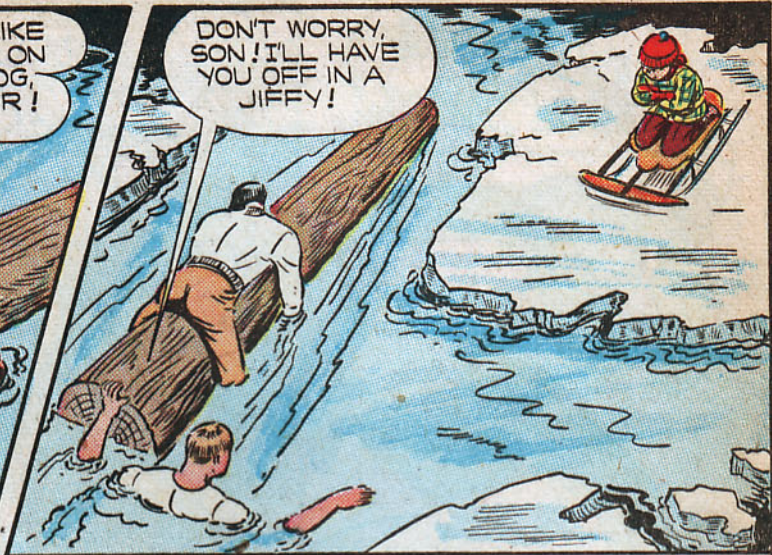
THIS IS NOT  
ONLY NECESSARY,  
BUT A GREAT  
PLEASURE!

CRACK!





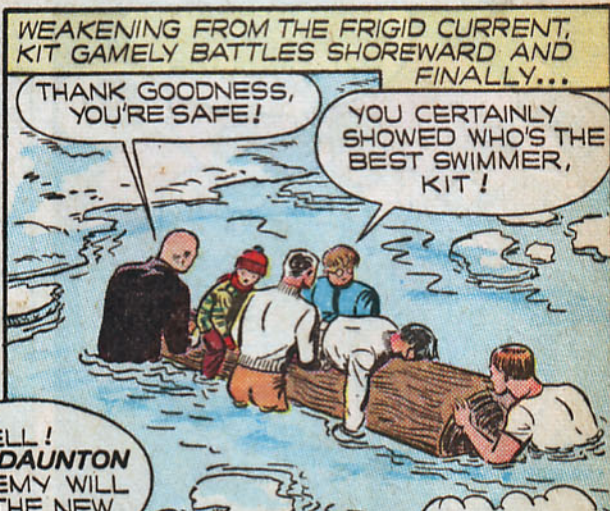
MAKE LIKE  
A BUMP ON  
THIS LOG,  
WEAVER!



DON'T WORRY,  
SON! I'LL HAVE  
YOU OFF IN A  
JIFFY!



ATTABOY! NOW  
LET'S SEE IF I CAN  
PUSH US ALL  
TO SHORE!



WEAKENING FROM THE FRIGID CURRENT,  
KIT GAMELY BATTLES SHOREWARD AND  
FINALLY...

THANK GOODNESS,  
YOU'RE SAFE!

YOU CERTAINLY  
SHOWED WHO'S THE  
BEST SWIMMER,  
KIT!

WELL!  
THEN **DAUNTON**  
ACADEMY WILL  
GET THE NEW  
POOL!



SOON...

YOU SAVED MY  
LIFE, CARTER! I  
GOTTA TELL THE  
TRUTH ABOUT  
THE RACE!

WHAT'S  
THIS?

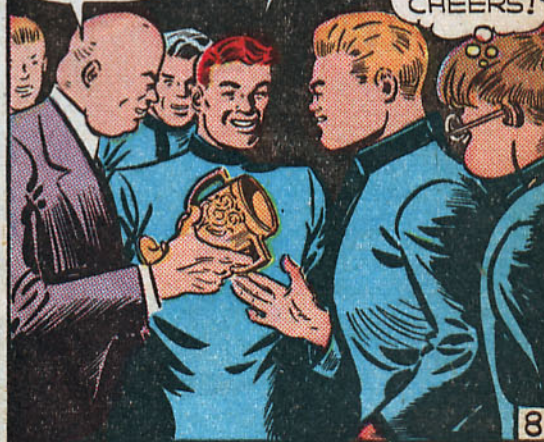
I BLOATED  
DAN MERRY,  
AND THEN FOULLED  
CARTER WHEN  
HE WAS ABOUT  
TO WIN! I-I'M  
SORRY!



AND YOU  
CERTAINLY  
EARNED THE  
BIXBY  
CUP!

HURRAY  
FOR  
CARTER!

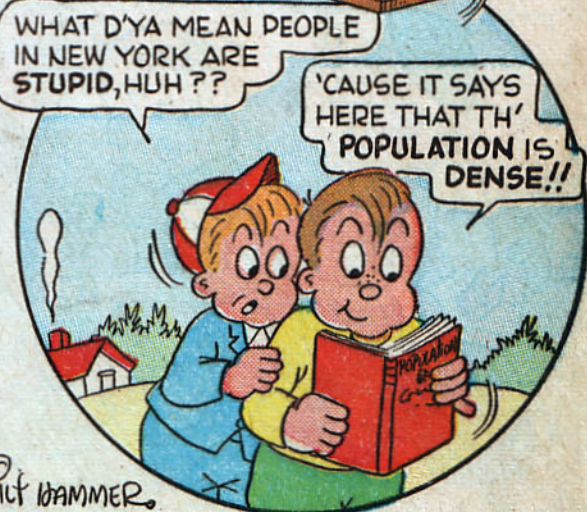
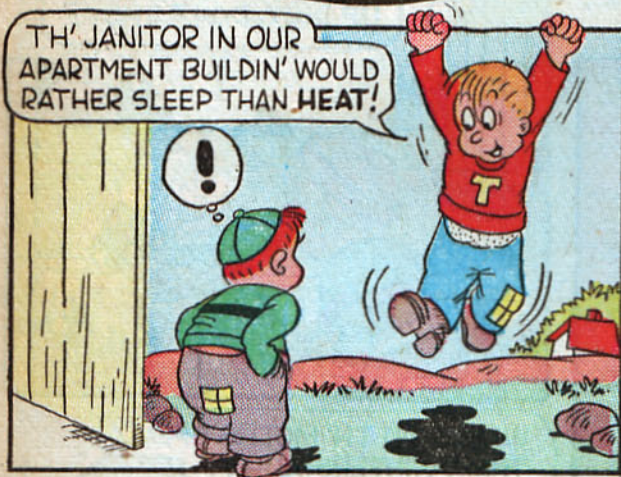
DOGGONE!  
IF I  
WEREN'T SUCH A  
GLUTTON  
**I'D** BE  
GETTING  
THOSE  
CHEERS!





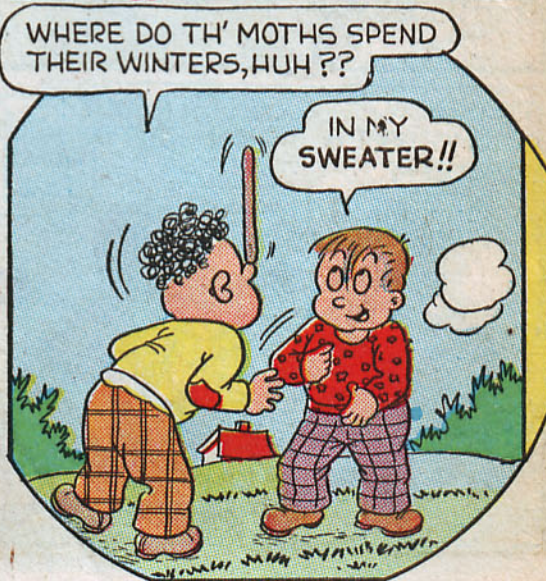
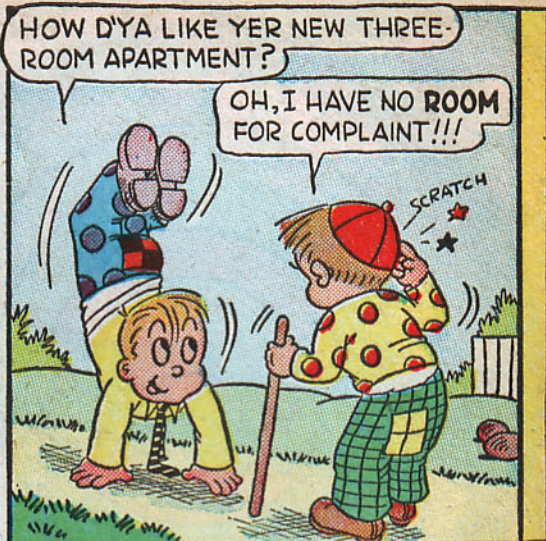


WOT D'YA MEAN YER POP EXPECTS A LOT OF DIRTY WORK WHEN HE STARTS HIS NEW BUSINESS??



MILY HAMMER







# GARY STARK

by  
DON RICO

**A**FTER TWENTY YEARS, THE MYSTERIOUS MR. X HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH EDWARD CONDON !

WHILE BOB AND GARY GUARD THE HOUSE, X AND HIS AIDE, THE WEASEL, ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, ANNOUNCING THEMSELVES AS OFFICIALS OF PANAMA'S SCHOOL.



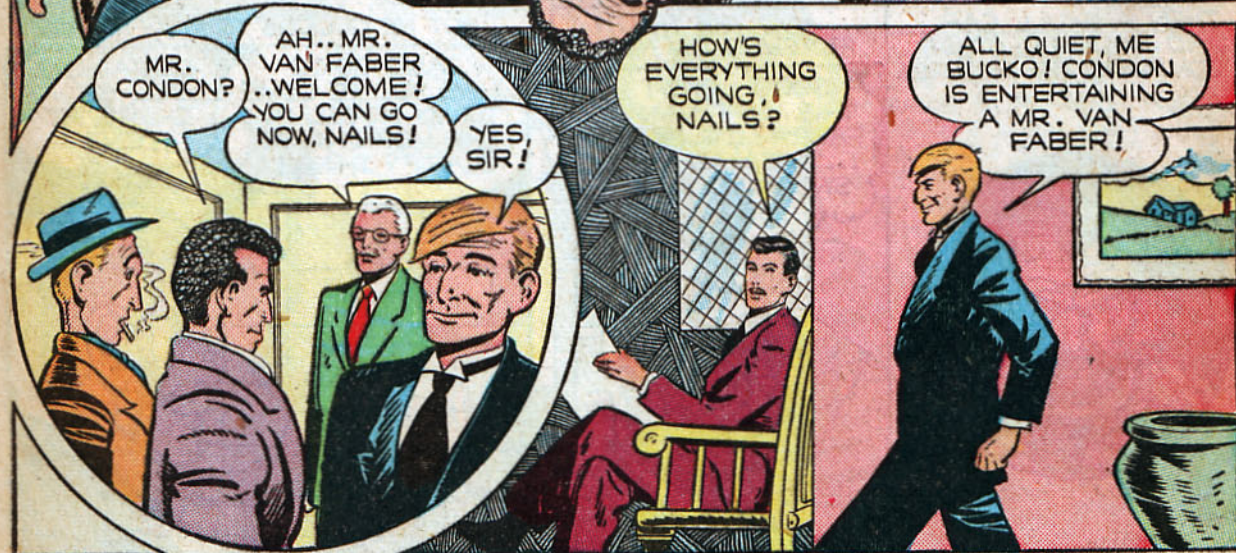
MR. CONDON?

AH..MR. VAN FABER  
..WELCOME!  
YOU CAN GO  
NOW, NAILS!

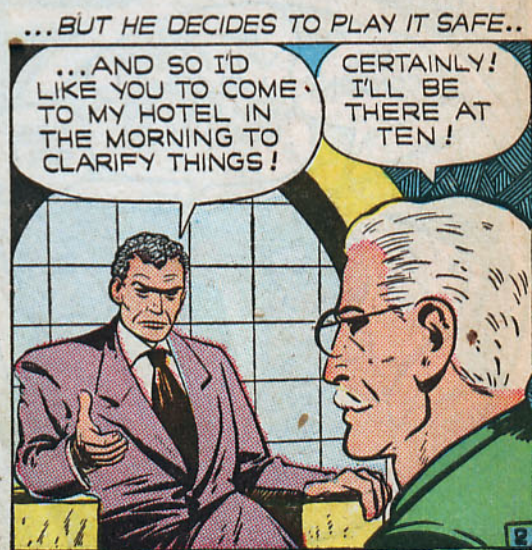
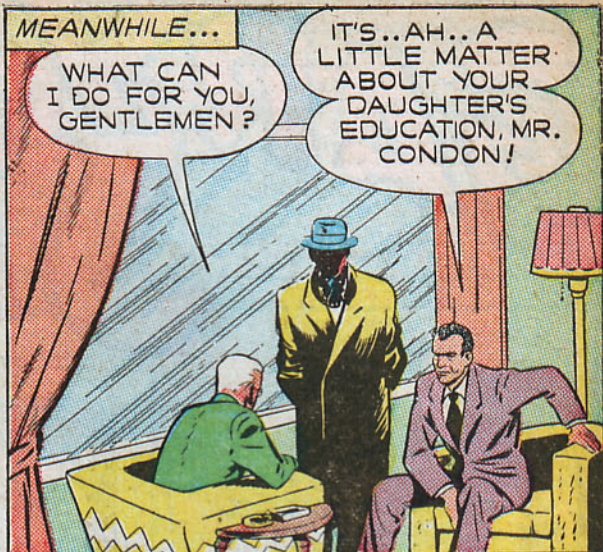
YES,  
SIR!

HOW'S  
EVERYTHING  
GOING,  
NAILS?

ALL QUIET, ME  
BUCKO! CONDON  
IS ENTERTAINING  
A MR. VAN FABER!









AFTER THE VISITORS LEAVE.

BOB, GARY,  
NAILS...COME  
IN HERE,  
PLEASE!

I'VE A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU, BOYS! ONE  
OF THE MEN WHO  
JUST LEFT WAS  
MY OLD ENEMY  
...BLACKIE!

WHAT?

...AND YOU  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY?

GOSH!  
WHY DIDN'T  
YOU LET US  
KNOW?

BEGORRAH,  
SIR!...WHAT'S  
THE IDEA?

I KNOW IT SOUNDS RIDICULOUS,  
BUT WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT  
HIS GAME IS! I'M GOING UP TO  
HIS HOTEL AT TEN TOMORROW!  
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS?

YOU BET  
I HAVE!

WE'RE GOING  
UP THERE...  
WITH THE  
POLICE!

NO GOOD, BOB!  
I'M GOING TO FACE  
HIM AND HAVE IT  
OUT WITH HIM  
MYSELF!

WHAT?  
HE'LL KILL  
YOU!

THAT'S WHERE YOU  
COME IN! I WANT TO  
MAKE SURE HIS  
TRIGGER MAN ISN'T  
NEAR! I'M GOING TO  
SEE WHAT HE CAN DO  
WITHOUT HIS GUN!  
THINK YOU CAN  
HANDLE HIM?



MEANWHILE...

CHEE! YOU SURE GOT NOIVE, BOSS! BUSTIN' RIGHT INTA HIS HOUSE LIKE DAT! WHAT IF HE'DA RECOGNIZED YA?

NOT A CHANCE! I WAS A GRIMY SOURDOUGH WHEN HE KNEW ME! I'M CLEANED UP SOME, NOW!

WELL...TA!TA! I GOTTA LEAVE YA FOR A LITTLE BIT!

WHAT? WHERE THE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WELL...YA SEE... IT'S LIKE DIS... IT'S ME GOIL, POIL! I AIN'T SEEN HER FER DAYS!

WHY.. YOU..

HERE'S THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE COMING UP...AND YOU'VE GOT TO GO SEE SOME STUPID DAME! **FORGET IT!**

B-BUT- B-B-BOSS!

I SAID **FORGET IT!**

CHEE! POIL AIN'T GONNA LIKE DIS! SHE'S GONNA BE AWFUL MAD!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WHERE IS THAT PUNK WEASEL!

EVER SINCE HE GOT THAT NEW JOB, HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR ME! GETTIN' HIGH CLASS, EH?

I'LL FIX HIM! I'LL GO RIGHT UP TO HIS HOTEL AND TELL THAT GEEZER A THING OR TWO!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT,  
AT THE HOTEL...

YOU WAIT OUT HERE  
IN THE HALL WITH GARY,  
MR. CONDON! NAILS  
AND I WILL MAKE  
SURE YOU GET THE  
PROPER RECEPTION  
FROM YOUR  
FRIENDS!

AS  
YOU SAY,  
BOB!

YEAH?  
WHADDAYA  
WANT?

MAY WE  
COME IN,  
PLEASE?

HEY! YOU'RE  
DE GUYS FROM  
CONDON'S  
JOINT!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
BRIGHT BOY!  
ONE SIDE!

WHAT'S  
DE IDEA,  
MUSCLIN'  
IN..?

TUT-TUT! IT'S  
NOT POLITE TO  
POINT GUNS AT  
PEOPLE, IS  
IT, NAILS?

INDEED  
NOT!

YOU'RE NOT  
A VERY POLITE  
HOST!

**OOP!**

HEY! WHAT  
THE BLAZES  
IS GOING ON  
HERE?

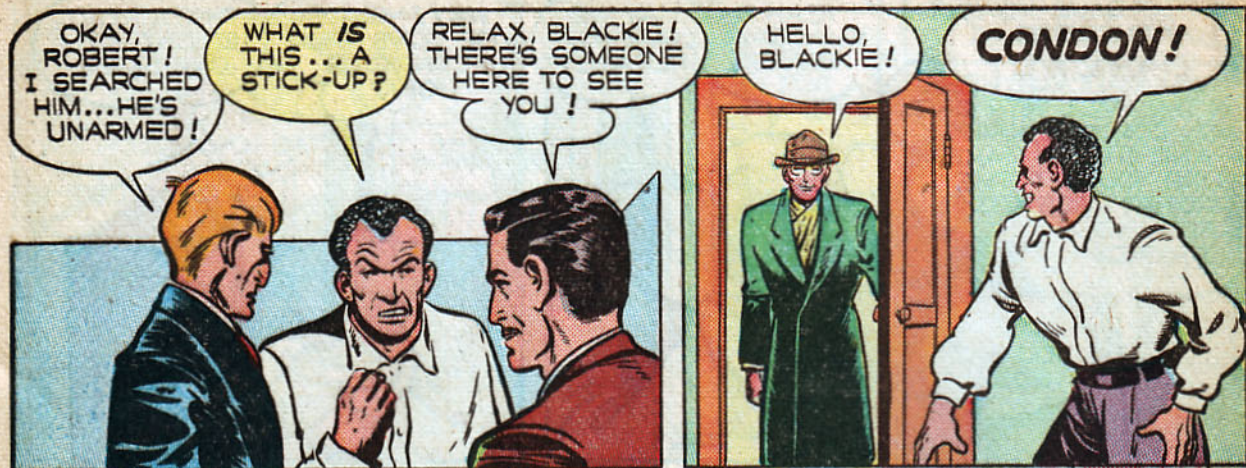
EASY, MR.  
BLACKIE  
..EASY!

HUH?

CRACK!

AHA!  
THE PAPA  
BEAR!





**QUESTION** No. 6. What visible precaution might Mr. Condon have taken before the fight?

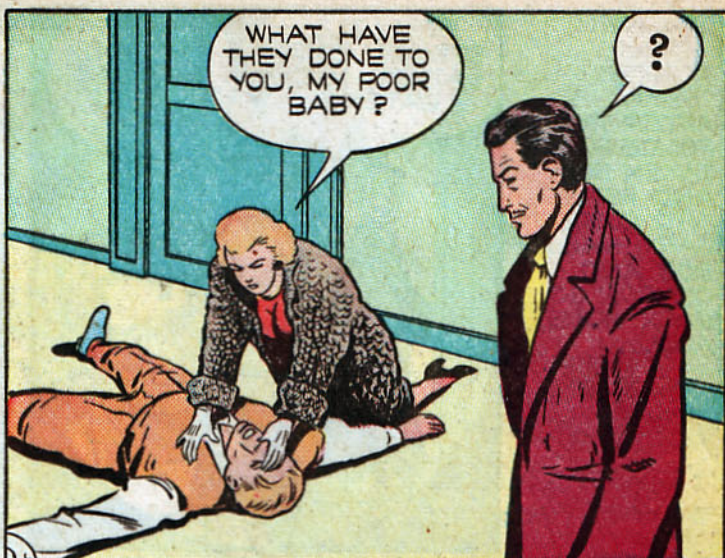


**WEASEL!  
DARLING!**



WHAT HAVE  
THEY DONE TO  
YOU, MY POOR  
BABY?

?



TALK TO ME,  
HONEY! SAY  
SOMETHING!

HE'S ALL  
RIGHT,  
MISS!

BUT I'M  
AFRAID YOU  
WON'T SEE HIM  
AGAIN FOR A  
LONG TIME! YOU  
SEE, HE AND HIS  
BOSS ARE GOING  
TO PRISON!

**COPPERS!**

NO, MISS!  
WE'RE NOT THE  
POLICE!



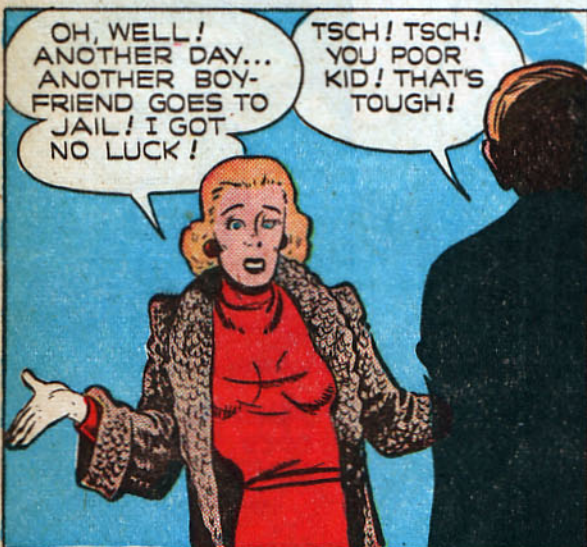
OH, WELL!  
ANOTHER DAY...  
ANOTHER BOY-  
FRIEND GOES TO  
JAIL! I GOT  
NO LUCK!

TSCH! TSCH!  
YOU POOR  
KID! THAT'S  
TOUGH!

HUH? HMM!  
YOU'RE A BIG  
ONE, AIN'T  
YOU?

YES'M!

CAREFUL,  
NAILS!

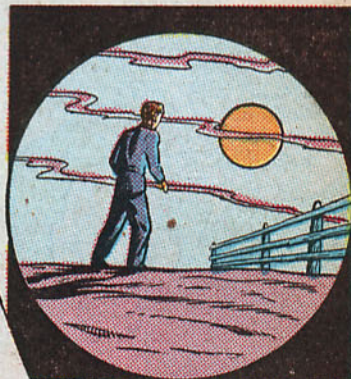




AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN BLACKIE AND WEASEL INTO CUSTODY, GARY, NAILS, BOB AND CONDON GO BACK HOME, AND...



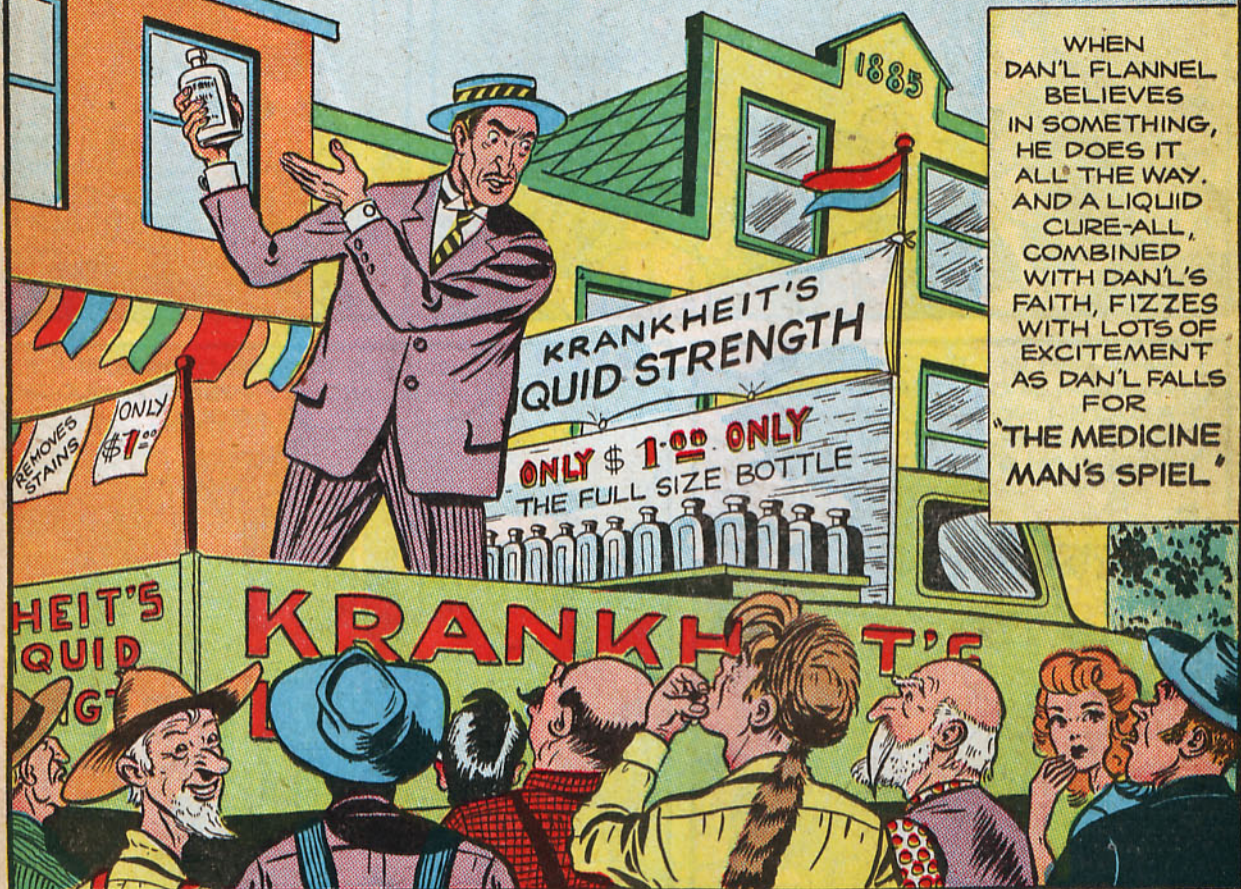
Dear Bob and Nails -  
I think it's time for me to  
shove off. You've both found  
your places on land and I  
don't think there's room  
for me... I still want the  
sea.  
We'll meet again some  
day. Until then, thanks  
for all the swell times  
we've had together, and  
the best of luck to both  
of you.  
Always,  
Gary  
P.S. - Please give my  
love to Panama. &



AND SO GARY  
GOES OFF INTO THE  
NIGHT TO FACE NEW  
ADVENTURE.

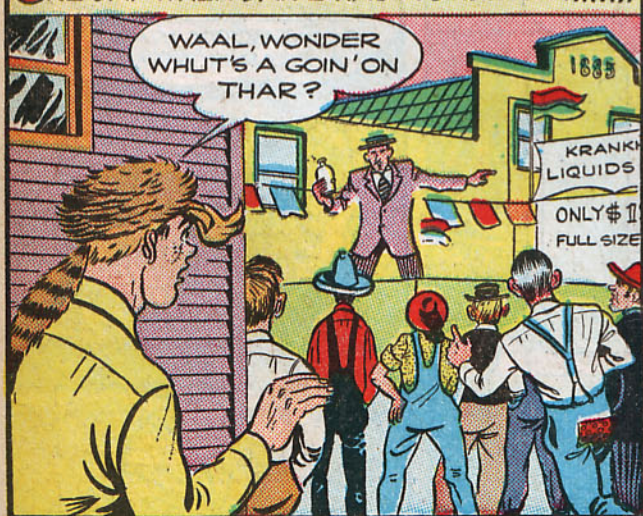


# DAN'L FLANNEL

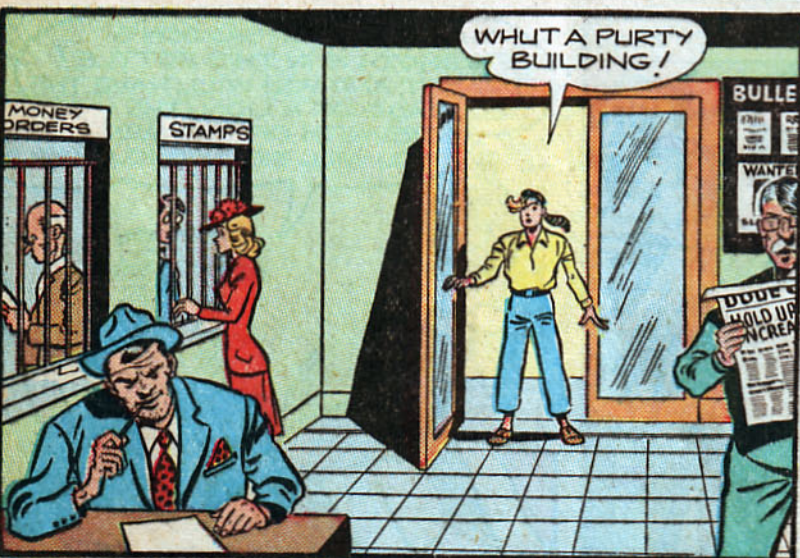
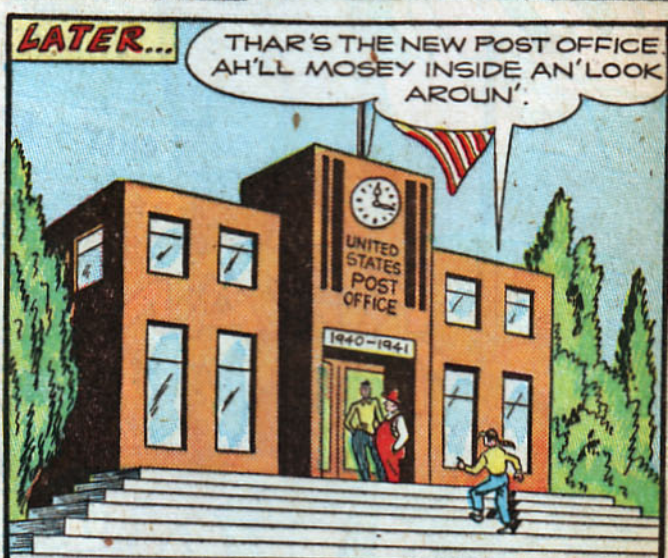
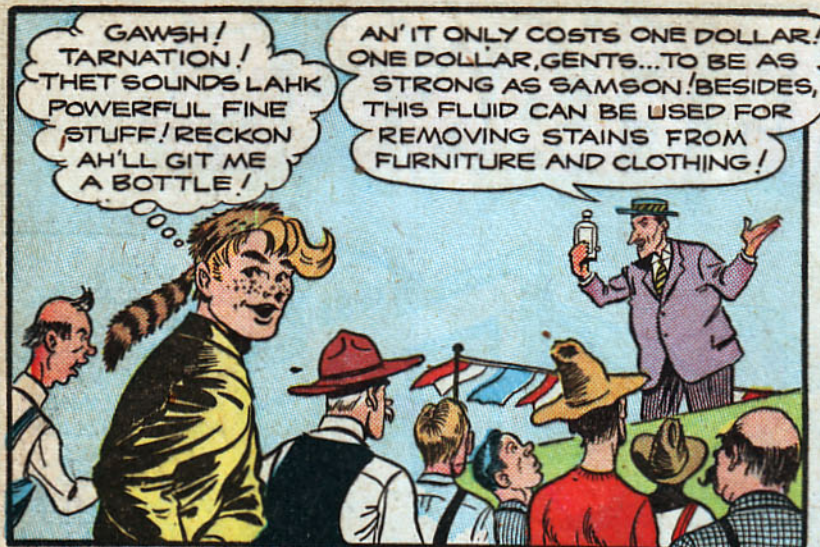


WHEN DAN'L FLANNEL BELIEVES IN SOMETHING, HE DOES IT ALL THE WAY. AND A LIQUID CURE-ALL, COMBINED WITH DAN'L'S FAITH, FIZZES WITH LOTS OF EXCITEMENT AS DAN'L FALLS FOR "THE MEDICINE MAN'S SPIEL"

ONE DAY WHEN DAN'L WAS IN DUDE CITY.....

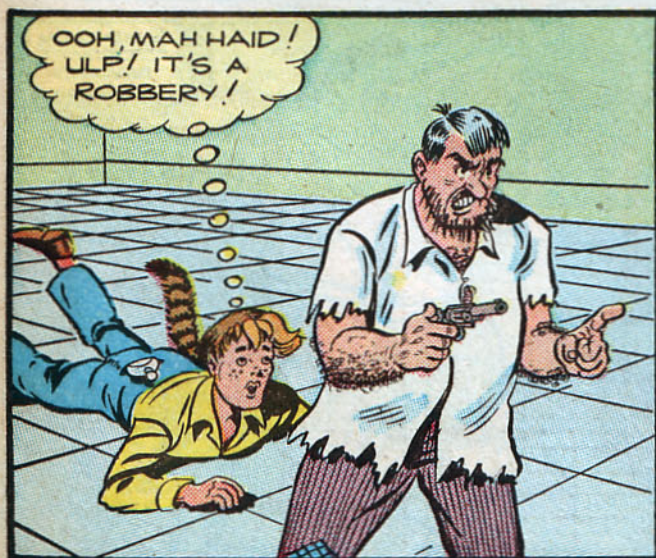
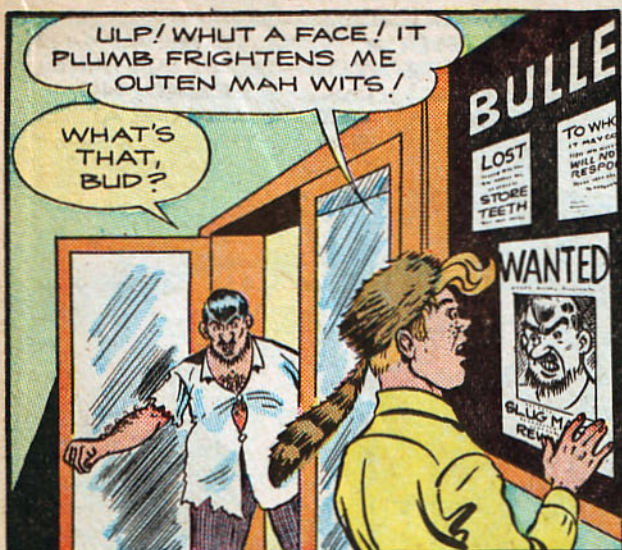




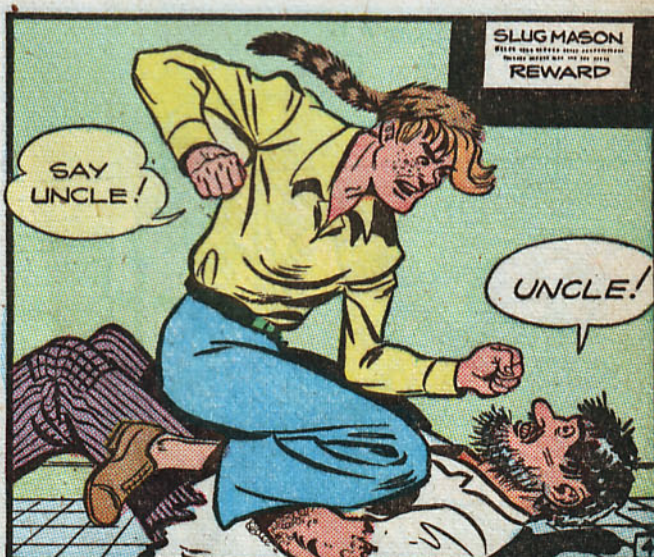
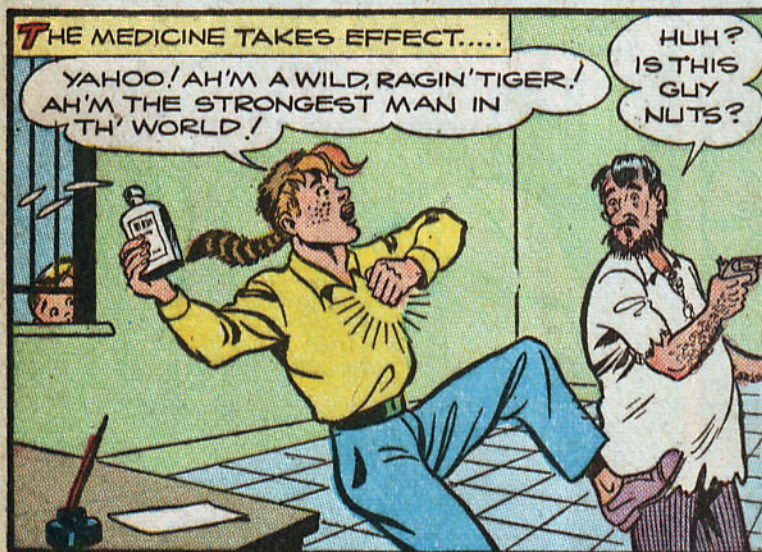


**QUESTION** No. 7. Is the postmaster general a member of the federal cabinet?

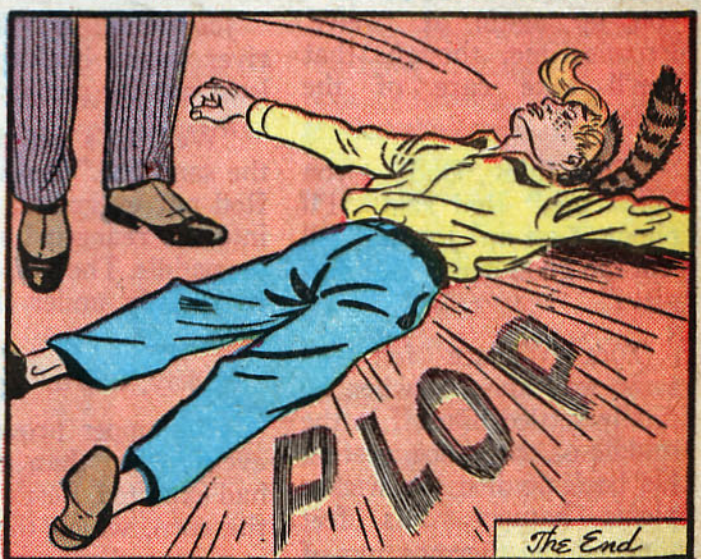














# A PLEASANT LITTLE OUTING

"AW gee, Dad — the river isn't dangerous at night. Joe Morgan an' Tom Wallace — well, the three of us have been figurin' on this picnic for weeks." Sitting on the arm of his father's chair, Rod Jensen tried a last, desperate plea.

"That's just about as long as you've been pestering me for permission, isn't it, Rod," Mr. Jensen said, draping his newspaper across his knees. "But, maybe it's time you had a little outing." His eyes twinkled as he turned his head toward his son. "All right—I'll drive you down to the landing and pick you up again at twelve. Promise me, though, that you'll take care of the canoe."

"Sure thing, Dad — you know me," Rod said. "I'll phone Tom an' Joe, an' tell 'em the good news. Hot diggity!"

Tom Wallace felt the same way about it when he finally settled himself in the middle of the canoe, resting his back against the wicker picnic hamper. His feet touched the thermos jug of ice cold lemonade, which he had placed just in rear of

Joe Morgan's seat in the bow.

"What a swell time to be on the water," he said, as Joe and Rod bent their paddles against the current.

Joe chuckled. "Wish we were on a flatboat, fightin' river pirates."

"There aren't any more river pirates," Rod said.

"Some in China still," said Joe.

"Used to be pirates here, too—read about 'em in a book," Tom said. "They hung out in places like the Cave in the Rock, f'rinstance."

Joe laughed. "This ol' river wasn't healthy then—least not for picnics."

"Well, let's get on up to the sand bar." As he spoke, Rod put everything he had into the rearward sweep of the paddle. The canoe vibrated slightly under the pressure.

"Okay, Cap'n," Joe said.

The supper proved to be even better than the boys had expected. Best of all was the corn, which they baked in a ground oven of hot embers covered with sand. For a long while after they had

eaten, they lay back against an old log, looked into the fire and talked about the outlaws of Kentucky and Tennessee and the Natchez Trace. At last, when the goose pimples really got bad, Rod suggested they go for a dip.

But neither of the other two answered. From two hundred yards upstream where the bar ended, came the noise of powerful motors, followed suddenly by the sound of a keel grating against the sand.

"Hey!" Tom yelled. "Somebody's run aground!"

In the act of peeling off his shirt, Rod stopped, just in time to hear shouts and curses echoing through the darkness.

"Look — over there! There's a searchlight upstream!" He pointed toward a bend in the river, to the left of the grounded craft.

"Tha-that's the police boat, I'll bet," said Joe. "The cops must've been chasin' the boat that ran aground."

"Ye-yes," said Tom. "An' who's ever bein' chased is comin' this way."

The searchlight had caught the fleeing men in its arc.



One of them stopped, turned, and fired two shots in the direction of the light. In reply, three sharp bursts from the boat on the river kicked up the sand at his feet.

"If they're headin' here, let's give 'em a picnic, too," Rod said, his voice quavering. "Dump some sand on that fire, Joe—Tom, grab the thermos and duck behind the log. I'll get the hamper."

In a matter of seconds the three boys were stretched out behind the log, prepared to follow Rod's plan of action. Another interchange of shots increased the tension of their wait, and words almost failed him.

"Th-they'll surely come here—it's the only gr-ground where they can shoot it out and have cover for a get-away to the Kentucky shore."

"I'd like to be on the Indiana shore right now," Joe said.

"Back home in Indiana—what a good old song," said Tom.

"We won't have anything to sing about if we miss," Rod said. "If they get the jump on us, they'll either kill us or use us for hostages."

"Th-the way the river pirates used to do it, you mean?" As the beam of the searchlight flashed across the log, Joe stuck his head down. "And you said there weren't any more!"

"They're almost here!" Tom gasped.

Rod nodded. "When I give the signal—let 'em have it!"

With a shout Rod sprang up, just as the men leaped to clear the log. Swinging the hamper, which he had weighted heavily with sand, he brought it crashing down on the outthrust head of the man nearest him. Tom wielded the thermos jug with equally telling effect, and sent his man sprawling. A quick blow on the back of the neck by Joe with a piece of driftwood, finished him off into insensibility. Meanwhile, Tom went to Rod's aid, to quiet the victim of the wicker hamper.

"Some nerve," the boys heard Chief Carney saying, as he and two of his river patrolmen drew within earshot. "Some nerve. Them two mugs figured to get all the way to the Gulf o' Mexico, if my guess is right."

"Who are they, Chief?" Joe said, rising to let one of the patrolmen bring his prostrate charge around to his senses.

"Why, don't you know!" said the Chief. "Them's Pete Conally and Killer Strozo, two o' the worst criminals in these parts. Escaped from an Ohio pen three days ago."

"Wow!" said Tom, as he watched the second patrolman snap the cuffs on the groggy Strozo.

"Yeah, they knowed all

roads was guarded, so they made a quick deal fer a boat. We picked up their trail when they stopped fer gas and grub at Tell City." The Chief let fly with a squirt of tobacco juice in the direction of the thugs. "C'mon, boys, on yer feet. You'll have plenty o' time to rest up when you get to where yer goin'."

Rod also took the words as a hint. "Gee, we'd better be startin' back," he said to the others. "We'll just about make it by midnight."

"Yeah," said Joe, "an' wait'll your old man finds out what we've been up to."

Chief Carney overheard them. "Pretty late fer you boys to be out on the river, ain't it?" He smiled. "Waal, git yer gear together an' we'll give you a tow right down to Evansville. Papers will want to hear o' this—straight from the ones who captured them two thugs. There's a reward fer it, too."

"Holy smoke!" Joe said.

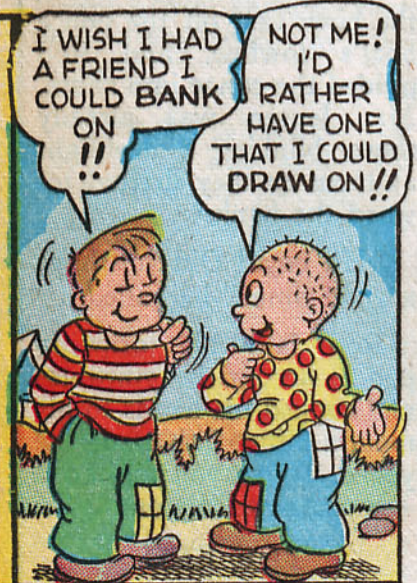
Near the landing, Tom, in the bow, cast off the police boat's towline, and Rod guided the canoe into shore. Mr. Jensen was already there, blinking a flashlight at them as they drifted toward the bank.

"Hi, boys! Did you have a good time?" he hailed.

Rod laid his dripping paddle across the gunwales and cupped his hands to his mouth. "Sure did, Dad," he yelled. "What you might call—a pleasant little outing!"

THE END

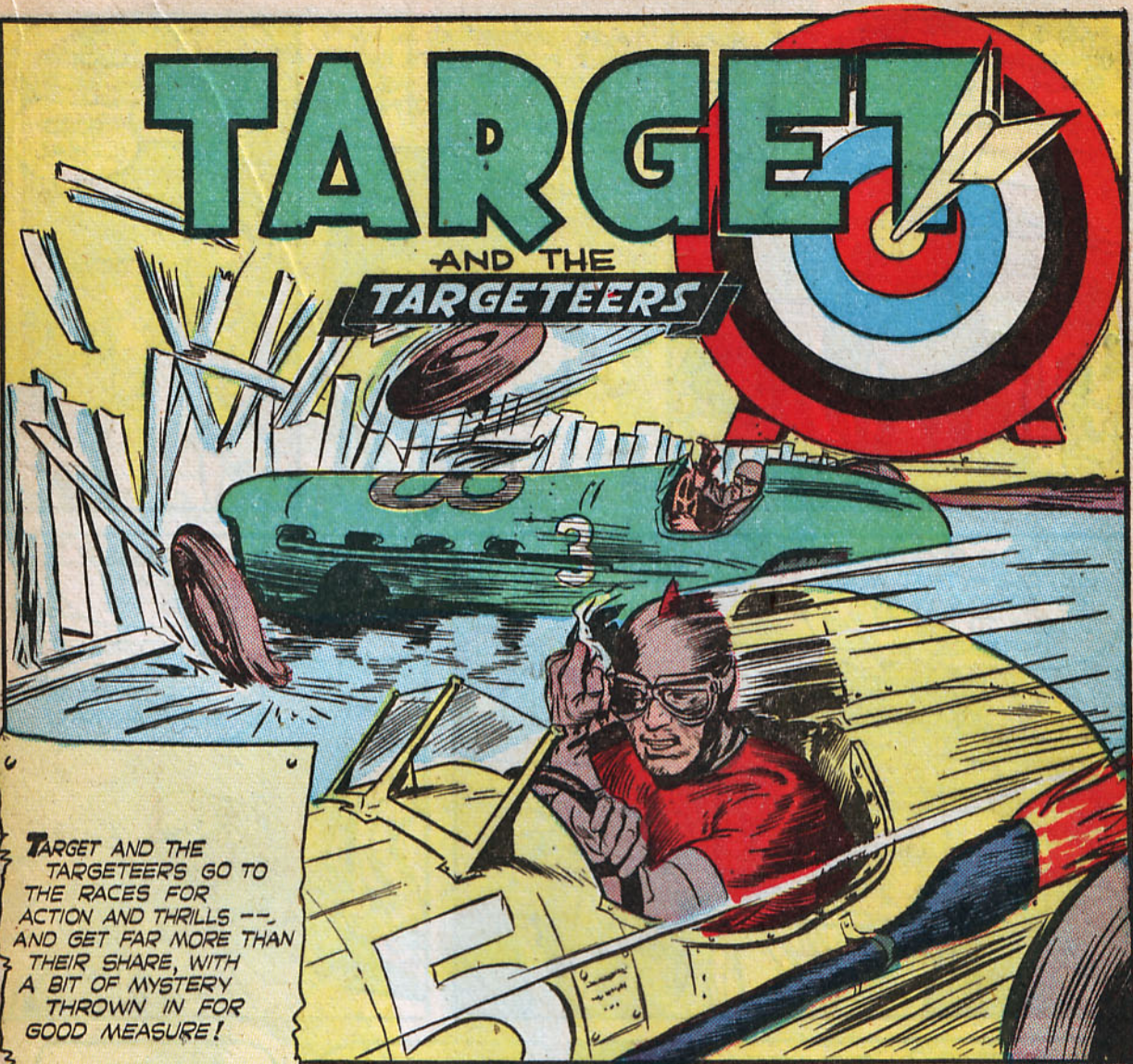






# TARGET

AND THE  
**TARGETEERS**



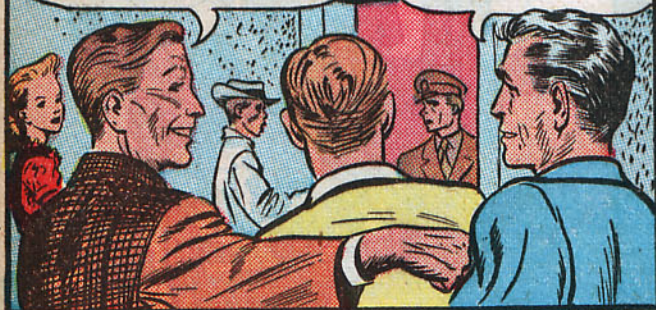
**TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS GO TO THE RACES FOR ACTION AND THRILLS --, AND GET FAR MORE THAN THEIR SHARE, WITH A BIT OF MYSTERY THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE!**

**NILES, TOM, AND DAVE TAKE AN AFTERNOON OFF FROM THE TROUBLE**

**SHOOTERS' AGENCY, FOR A LITTLE FUN--**

THIS IS A SWELL IDEA, NILES--  
I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SUPPRESSED DESIRE TO RACE AUTOS!

BETTER KEEP IT SUPPRESSED, TOM.  
WE'RE JUST HERE TO SEE A RACE!



AND I'M ROOTING FOR ONE MAN--  
ALEX BRIGGS!

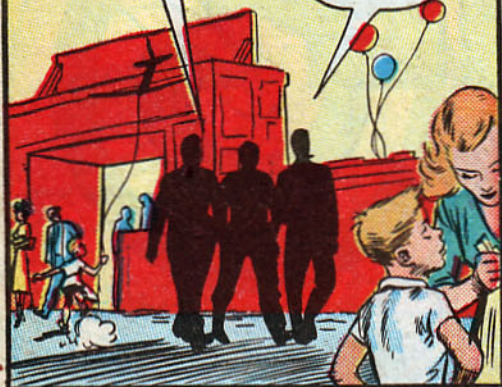
BRIGGS? ISN'T HE THE ONE-LEGGED WAR VETERAN WHO'S BEEN RUNNING WILD IN THE SMALL-TIME RACES?





THE SAME--BUT HE'S HITTING REAL COMPETITION TODAY. HE'LL HAVE A ROUGH GO OF IT!

I HOPE NOT.



ALEX BRIGGS WAS IN MY OUTFIT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC. I NEVER KNEW HIM WELL -- BUT I'M SURE ROOTING FOR HIM.

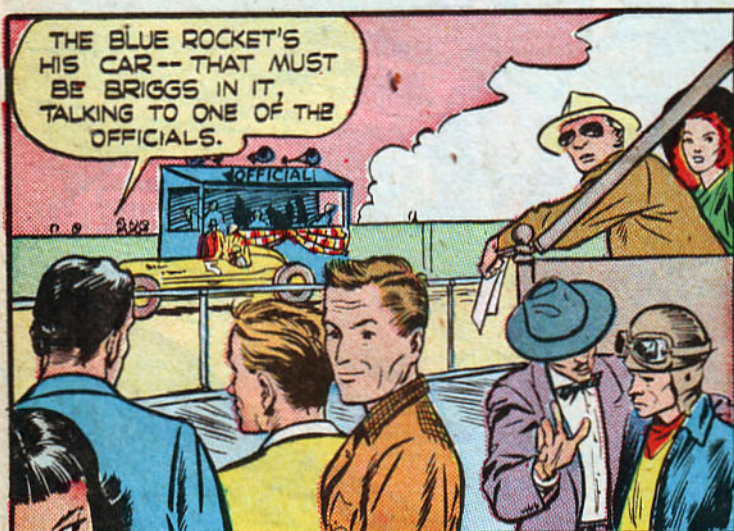


ME TOO! LET'S WISH HIM LUCK BEFORE THE RACE STARTS.

GOOD IDEA!

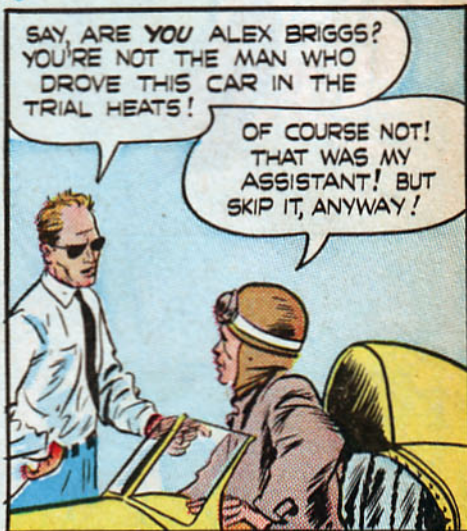


THE BLUE ROCKET'S HIS CAR-- THAT MUST BE BRIGGS IN IT, TALKING TO ONE OF THE OFFICIALS.



SAY ARE YOU ALEX BRIGGS? YOU'RE NOT THE MAN WHO DROVE THIS CAR IN THE TRIAL HEATS!

OF COURSE NOT! THAT WAS MY ASSISTANT! BUT SKIP IT, ANYWAY!



I'M DROPPING OUT OF THE RACE.

BUT YOU'RE THE FAVORITE!

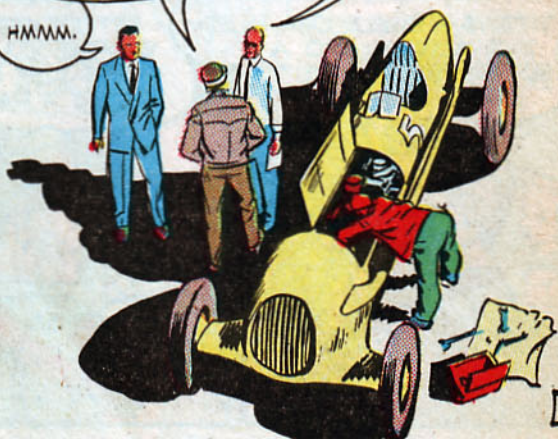
HI, BRIGGS--



SO WHAT? I KNOW WHEN I'M OUTA MY CLASS! I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! I'M OUT!

HMMMM.

WELL, OKAY-- BUT I HOPE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!



**Q** UESTION No. 9. Briggs Stadium is the home of what baseball team?



GETTING BASHFUL, NILES? WHY DIDN'T YOU MITT BRIGGS, AND GIVE OUT WITH A PEP TALK?

I'M NOT SURE HE IS ALEX BRIGGS--HE DOESN'T LOOK THE WAY I REMEMBER HIM!



NILES STARTLES TOM AND DAVE BY SUDDENLY THROWING A ROCK AT THE STRANGER!

**OUCH!**



I OUGHTA SMACK YOU DOWN!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT.

AW! YOU MET THOUSANDS OF GUYS IN THE ARMY! IF HE ISN'T BRIGGS, WHO IS HE?

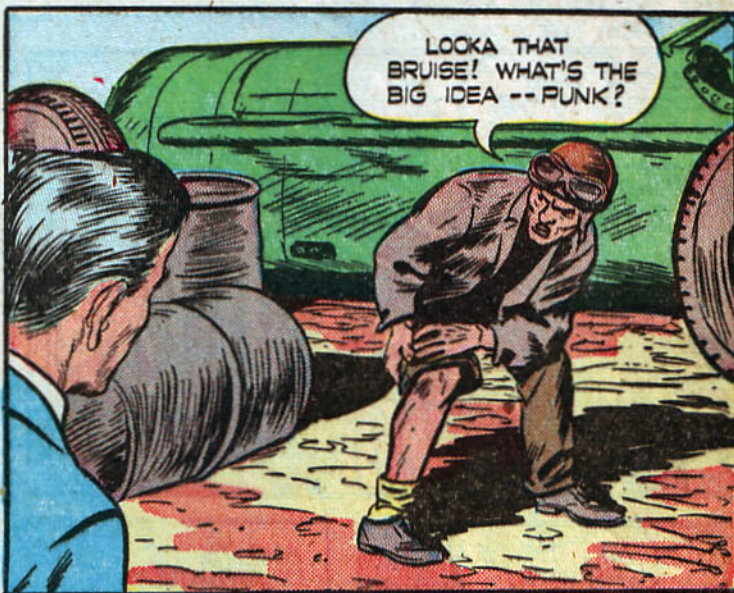
DETECTIVE WORK IS GETTING YOU, NILES! YOU NEED A REST!



MAYBE--BUT I KNOW AN EASY WAY OF CHECKING ON HIS IDENTITY!



LOOKA THAT BRUISE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA -- PUNK?



IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D TAKE YOU APART!

GOSH, NILES, HAVE YOU BLOWN YOUR TOP?





NO--NOT YET! BUT THAT STONE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN NOTICED BY THE REAL ALEX BRIGGS!

GEE, THAT'S RIGHT! ALEX BRIGGS HAS AN ARTIFICIAL RIGHT LEG! AND THAT GUY HASN'T!

HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE YOU TRICKED HIM!

RIGHT! AND NOW LET'S FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

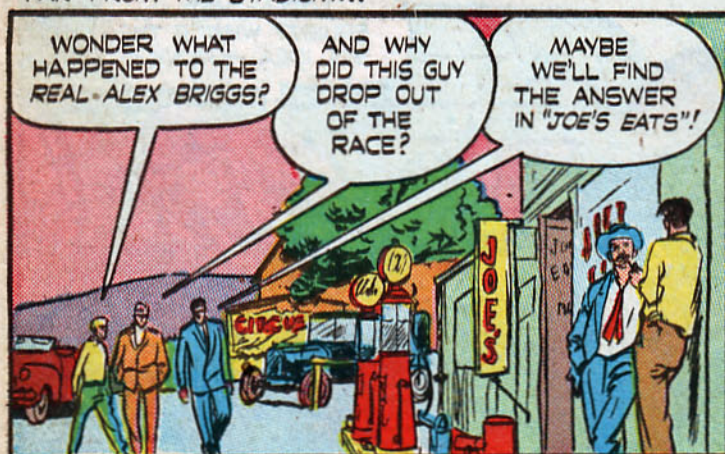


**N**ILES REED, THE TARGET, AND HIS FELLOW TARGETEERS TRAIL THE MAN TO A DINGY LITTLE RESTAURANT NOT FAR FROM THE STADIUM...

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL ALEX BRIGGS?

AND WHY DID THIS GUY DROP OUT OF THE RACE?

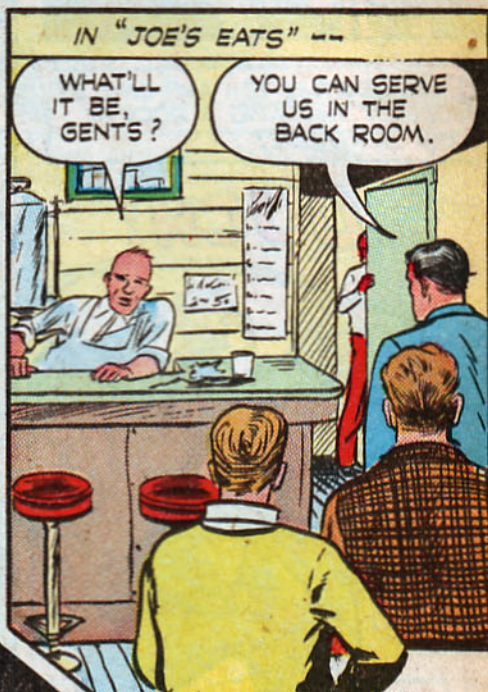
MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN "JOE'S EATS"!



IN "JOE'S EATS" --

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS?

YOU CAN SERVE US IN THE BACK ROOM.



NIX! THAT'S PRIVATE!

AND THAT'S EX-PRIVATE ALEX BRIGGS!

KEEP OUTA HERE, YOU PUNKS!

ON THE DOUBLE, BOYS! CHICK'S IN TROUBLE!





*The STEADY CUSTOMERS OF "JOE'S EATS" RALLY TO GIVE THE TARGETEERS A TOUGH BATTLE!*

TODAY'S SPECIAL--  
PANCAKES A LA FACE!



*MEANWHILE, ALEX BRIGGS IS SMUGGLED OUT!*

YOU RATS ARE RUINING MY ONE BIG CHANCE!

SHUDDUP--WE'RE OUT TO MAKE SURE OF THAT TWENTY GRAND-- AND SOB STORIES AIN'T GONNA HELP!



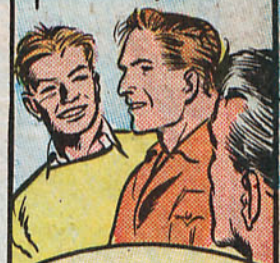
HAVE SOME OF YOUR OWN STEW, CHUM-- IT'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BEEF ABOUT!

HEY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH ALEX!



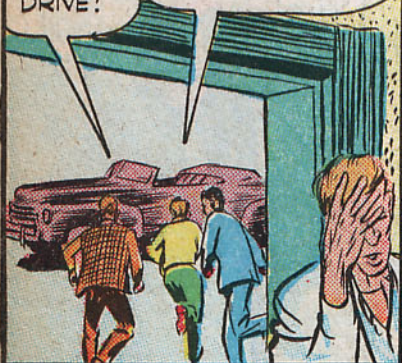
C'MON! WE'LL CHASE 'EM IN OUR CAR!

TOM! GO TO THE STADIUM! IF WE'RE NOT BACK WITH ALEX IN TIME--YOU DRIVE THE BLUE ROCKET!



YEOW! DON'T HURRY! I'D LOVE TO DRIVE!

I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE TO! YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT RACING!



*NILES AND DAVE ARE SOON RACING AFTER THE FLEEING CAR, BUT THEY CAN'T CATCH IT.*

JEEPERS, NILES! WE'LL NEVER GET BRIGGS IN TIME!

I GOTTA STOP THIS JALOPY, SOMEHOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE CAR'S STOPPING!

YOU DOPE! YOU MUSTA FORGOT TO GAS UP!





**A**ND A MINUTE LATER, NILES AND DAVE, ACE FIGHTERS, HAVE TAKEN OVER.

AW, THIS DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE! MY DRIVER, NUMBER THREE, IS BOUND TO WIN!



YEAH, HIS DIRTY TRICKS WILL RUIN ANYBODY WHO GIVES HIM A RACE!

BRIGGS, HERE, WAS THE ONLY GUY WE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT-- AND HE CAN'T RACE NOW!

GOSH, WE HAVE TO WARN TOM ABOUT NUMBER THREE!

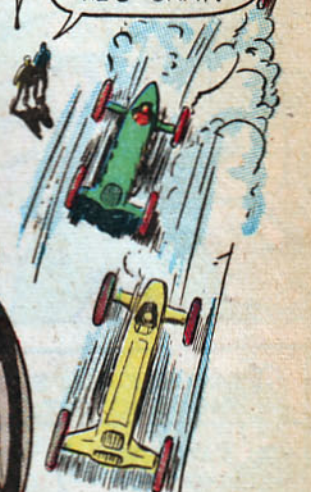
IT'S TOO LATE, DAVE! TOM'S ON HIS OWN NOW!



**A**T THAT MOMENT, THE RACE IS STARTING!

RATHER IRREGULAR-- LETTING SOMEONE SUB FOR BRIGGS AT THE LAST MOMENT--BUT HE'S A TARGETEER.

THAT MEANS HE'S OKAY!



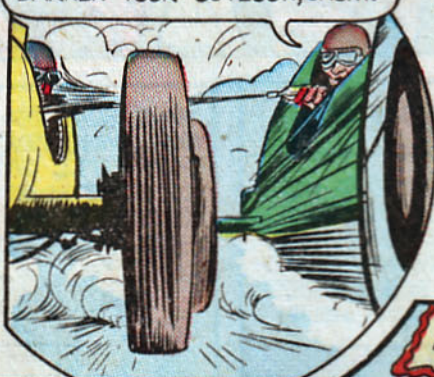
**L**AP AFTER LAP, THE POWERFUL RACERS DRONE ON, WITH TOM AND NUMBER 3 BATTLING FOR THE LEAD.

HEH! HEH! NOT BAD FOR AN AMATEUR-- THOUGH I MUST ADMIT THIS CAR IS TERRIFIC!

THAT GUY'S TOO GOOD, BUT I'LL GET HIM AT THE TURN WHERE THE JUDGES CAN'T SEE US!

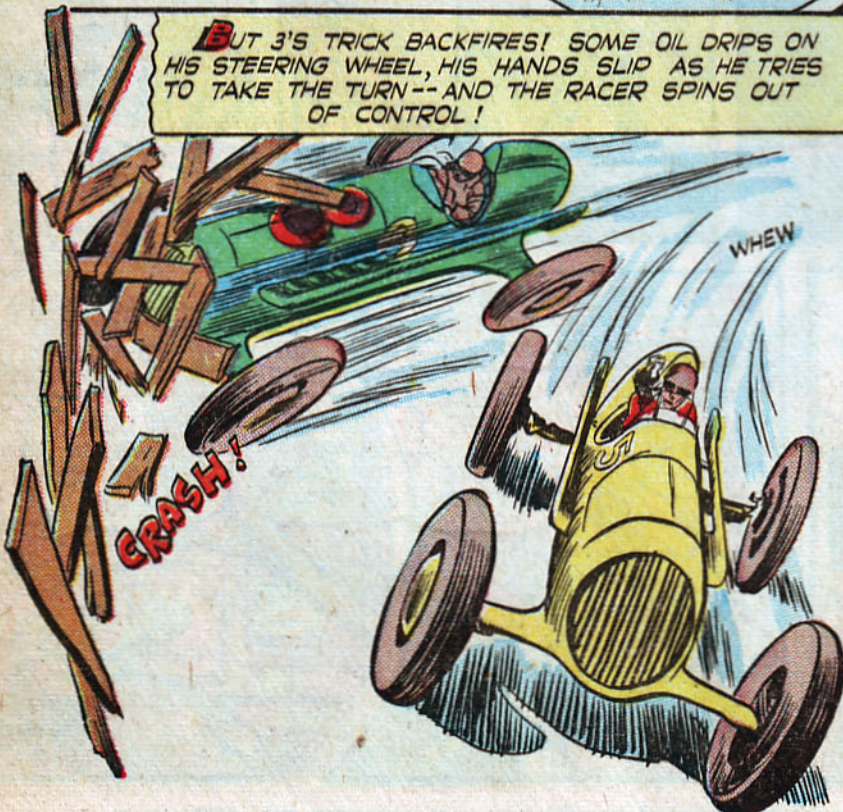


A LITTLE OIL SPRAY OUGHTA DARKEN YOUR OUTLOOK, CHUM!



**L**ATER--

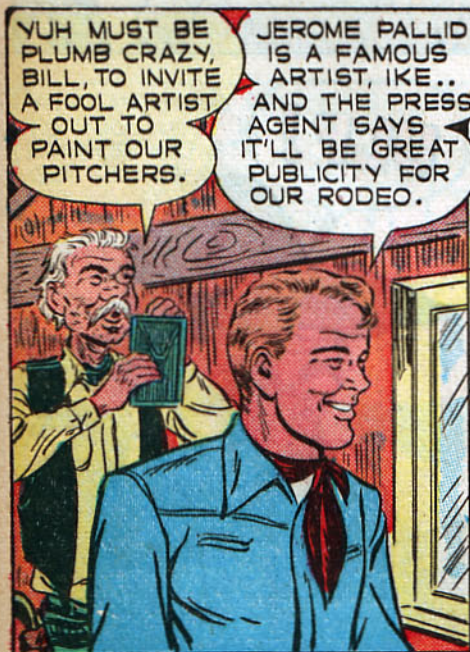
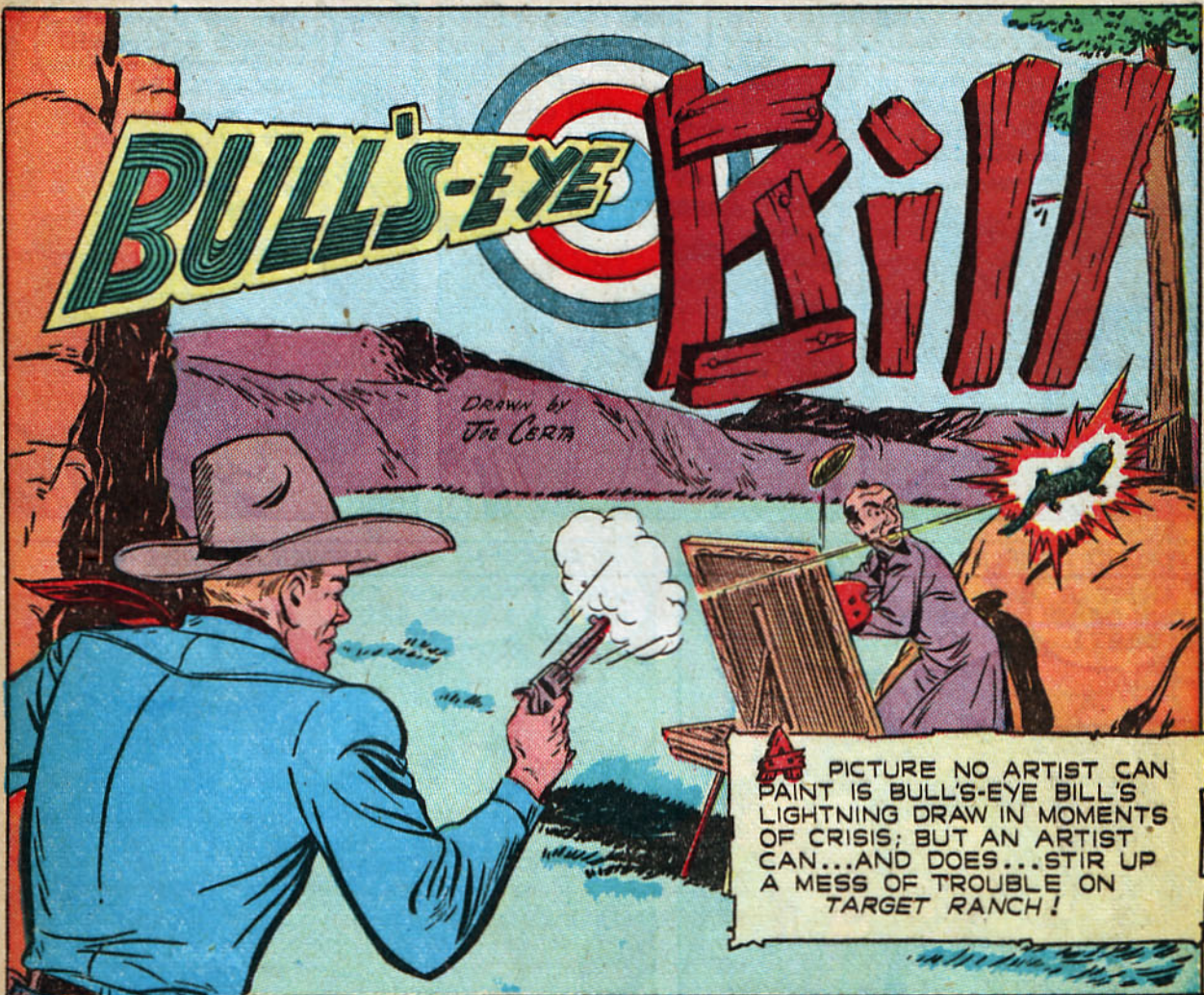
**B**UT 3'S TRICK BACKFIRES! SOME OIL DRIPS ON HIS STEERING WHEEL, HIS HANDS SLIP AS HE TRIES TO TAKE THE TURN--AND THE RACER SPINS OUT OF CONTROL!



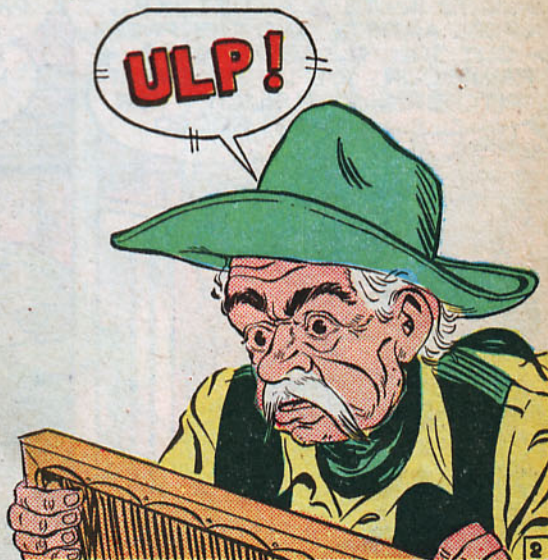
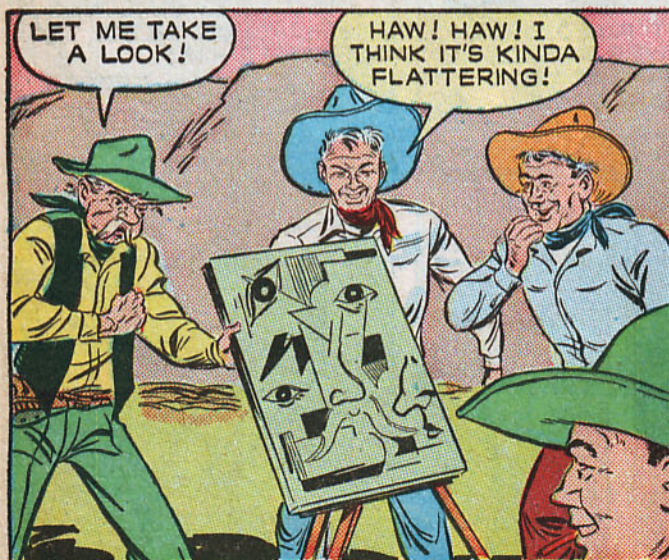
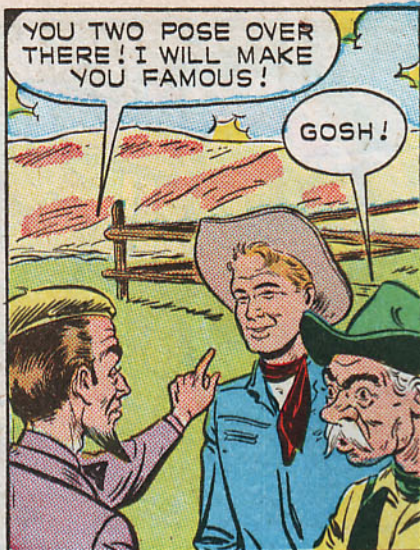
HERE, BRIGGS-- IT WAS YOUR CAR THAT WON--NOT ME!



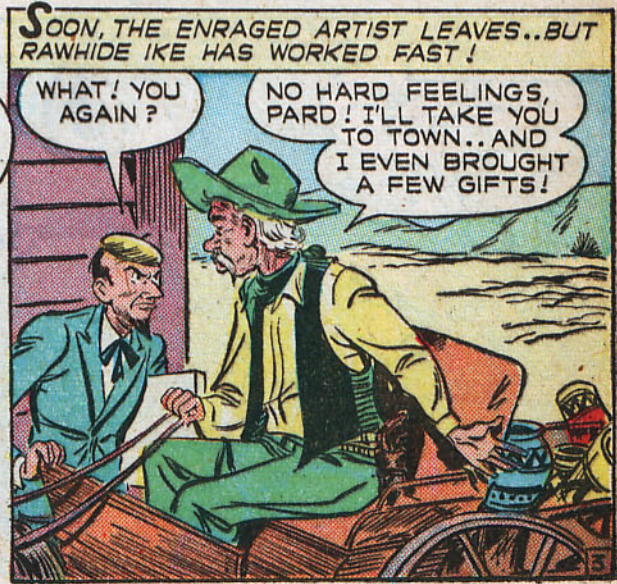
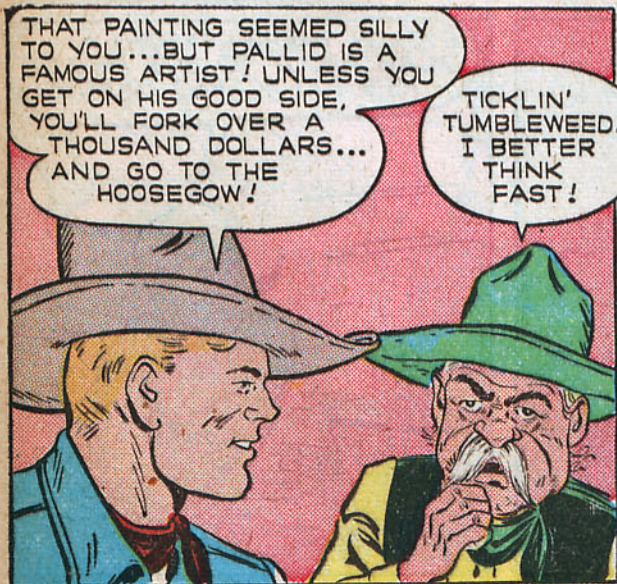




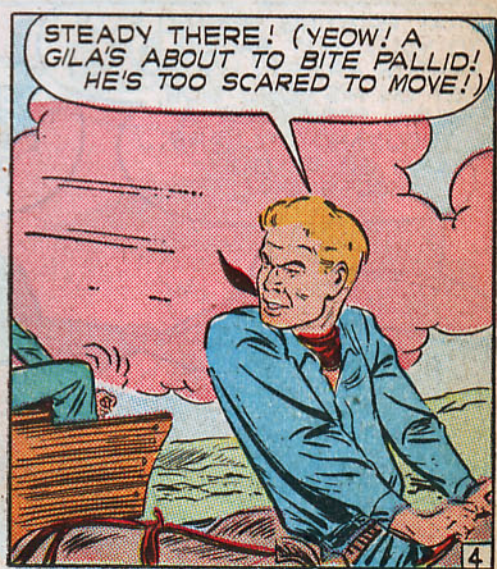
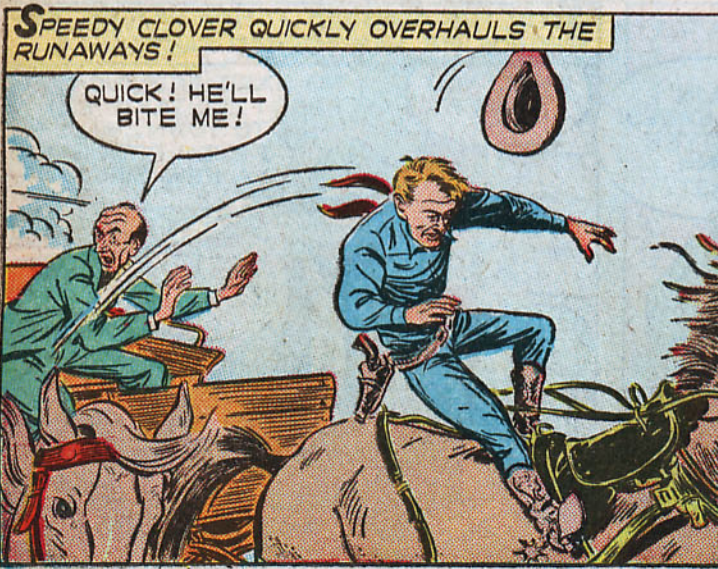
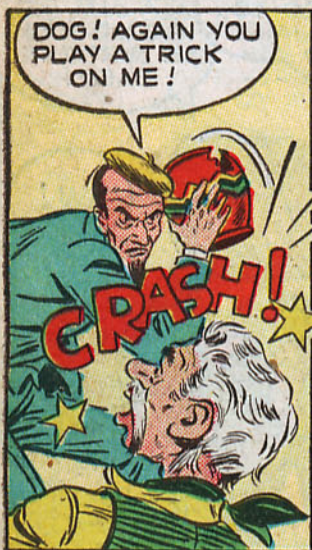
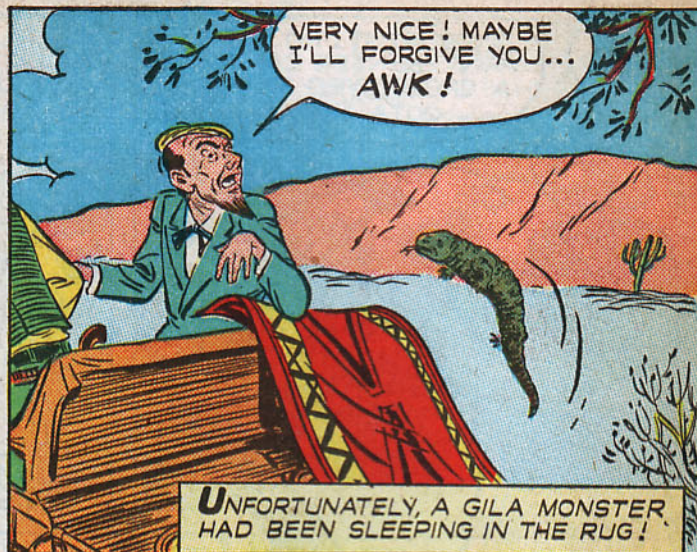




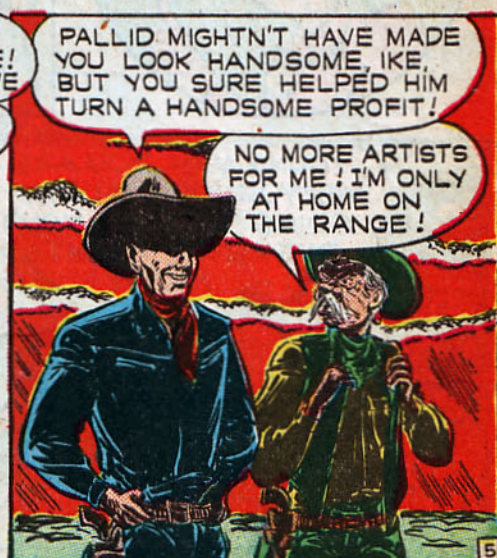
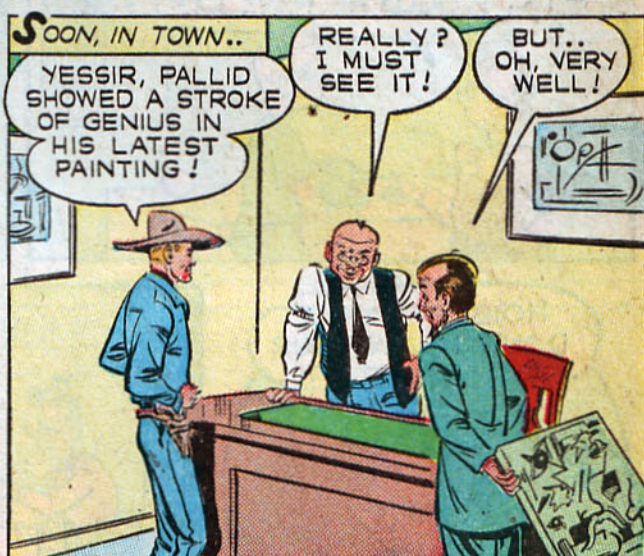
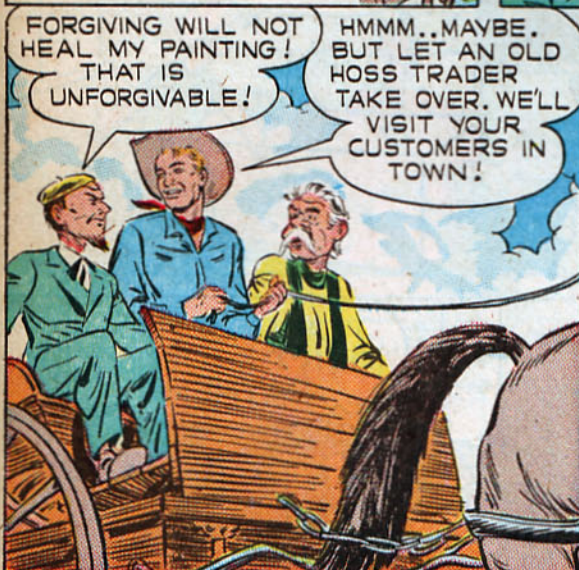
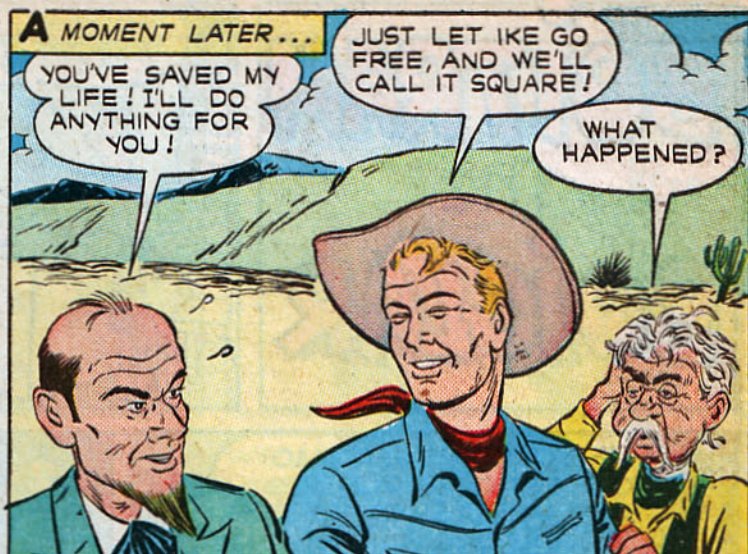










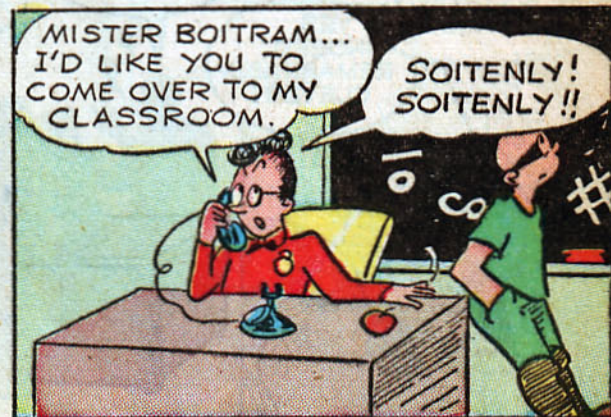
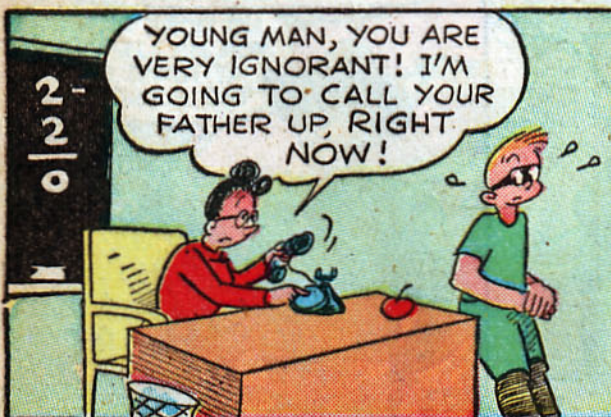
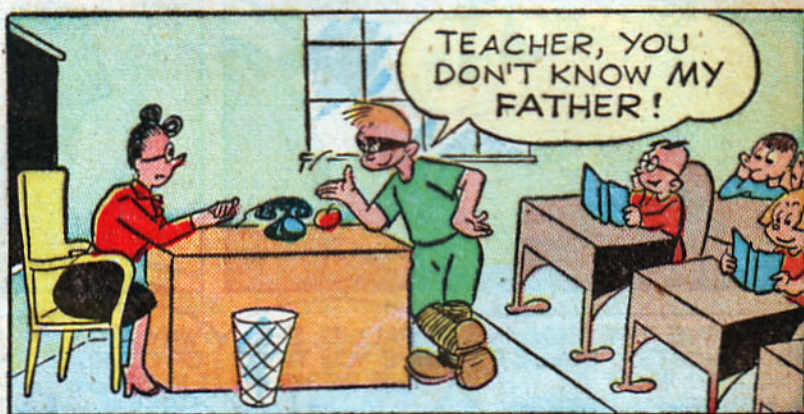
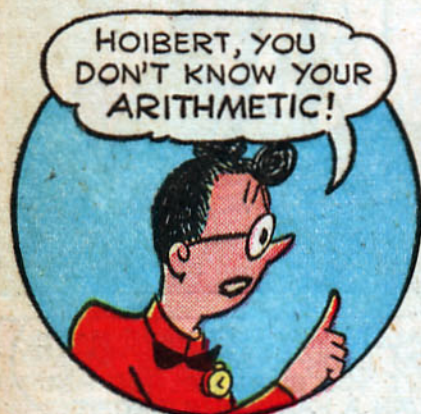
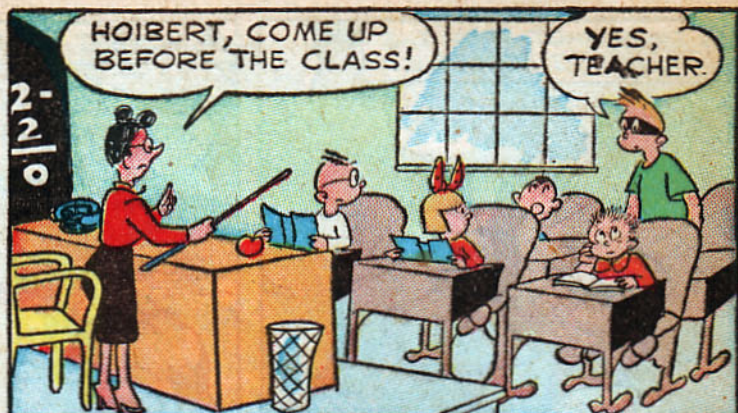




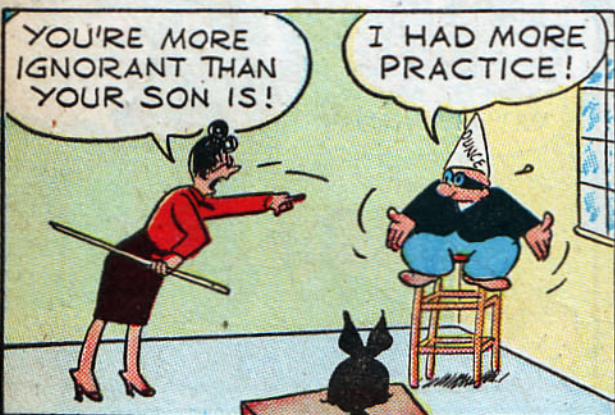
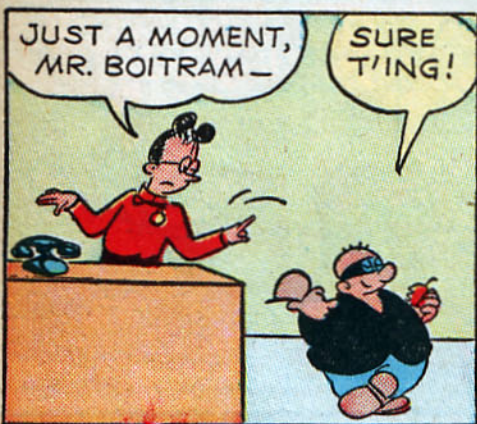
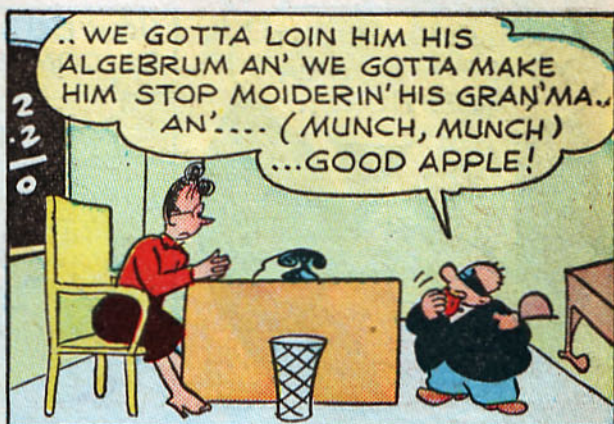
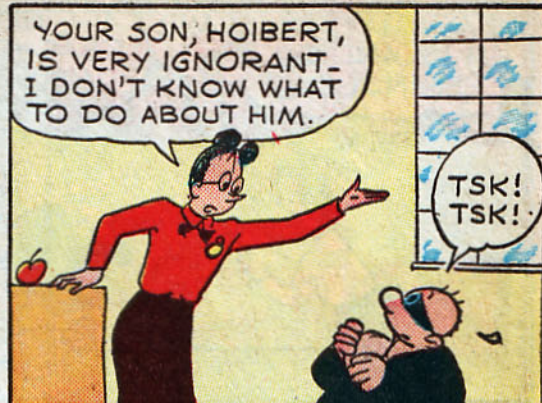
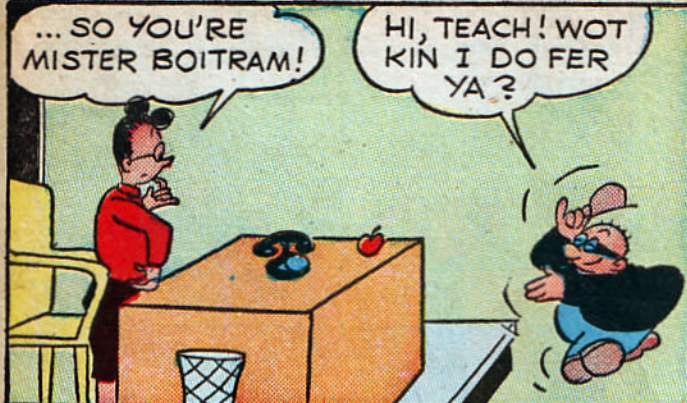
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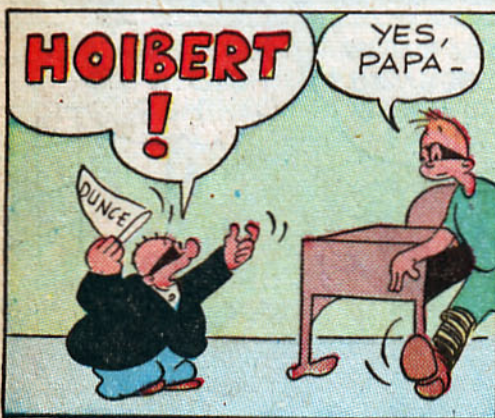
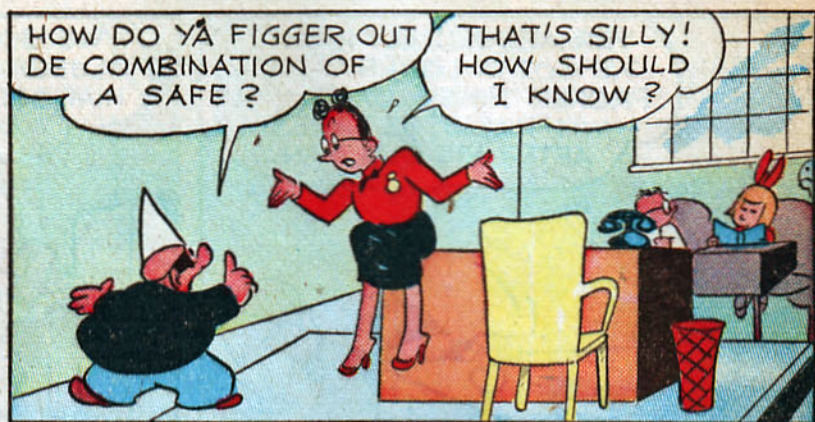
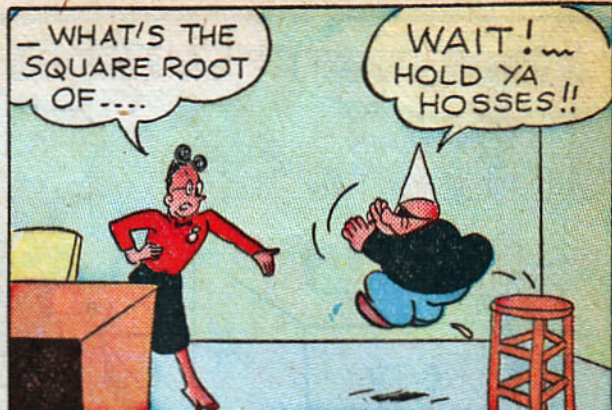
# BOIGLAR







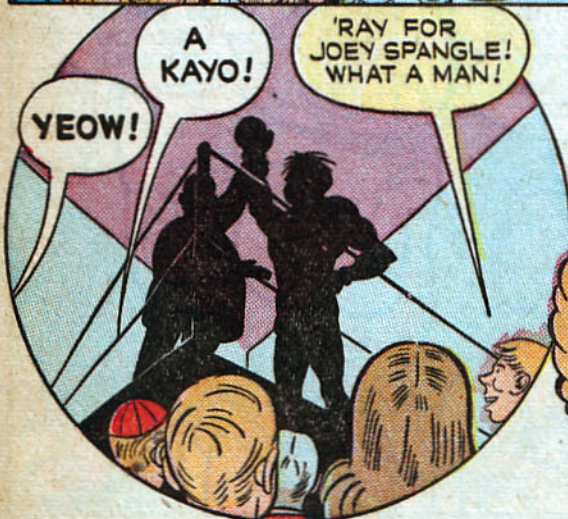
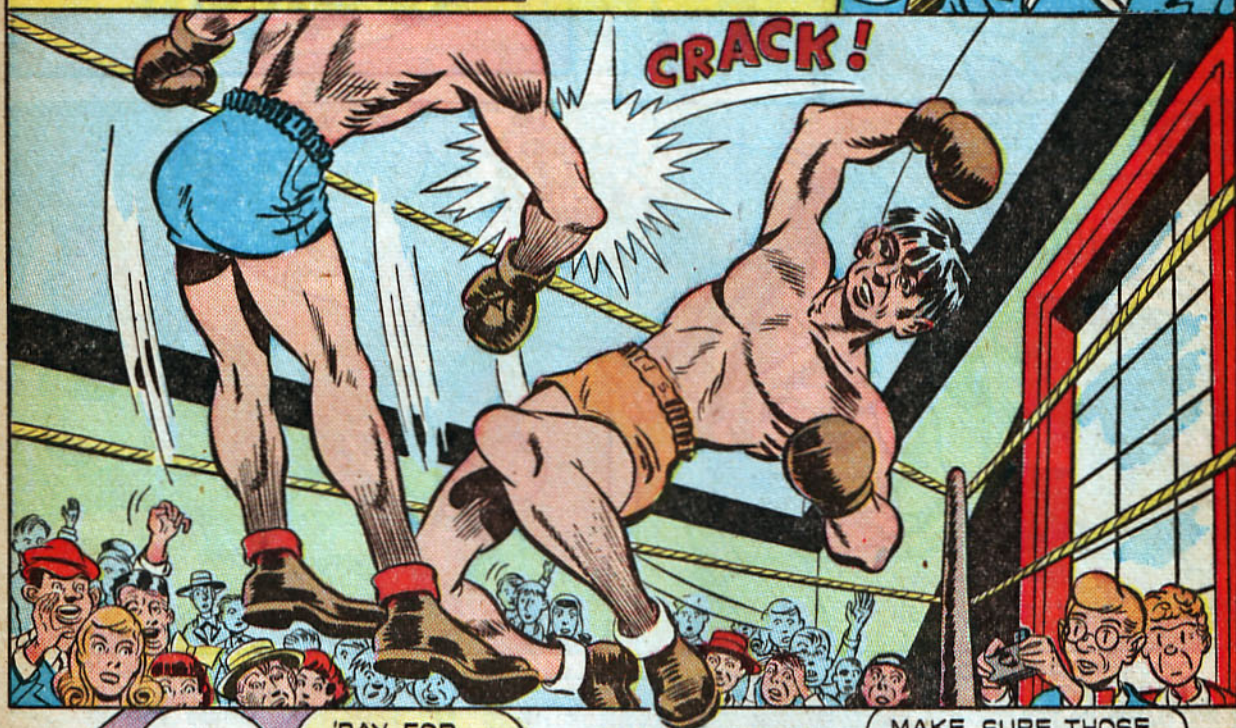






# CANDID CHARLIE

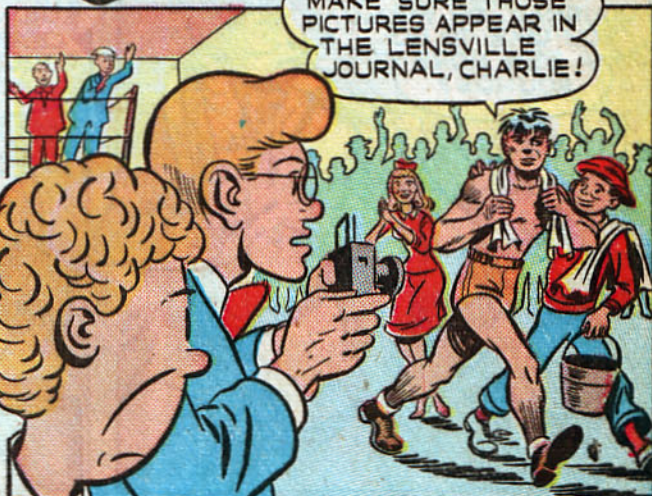
DRAWN by BOB Q. SIEGE



A  
KAYO!

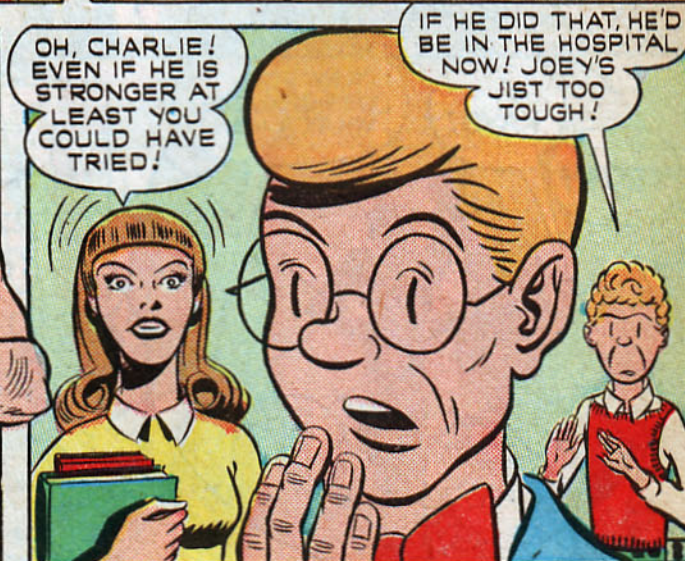
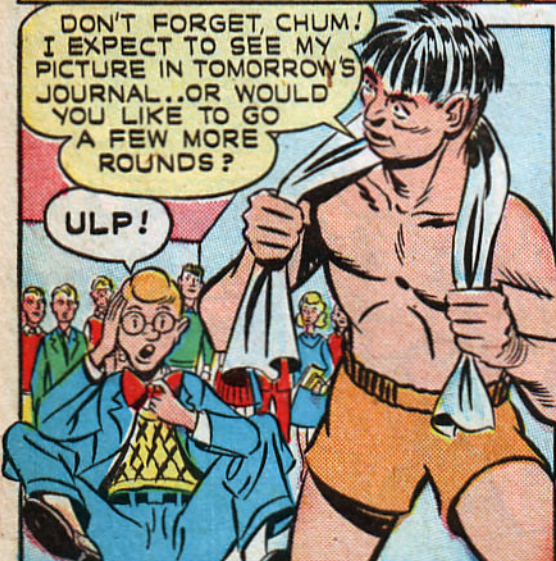
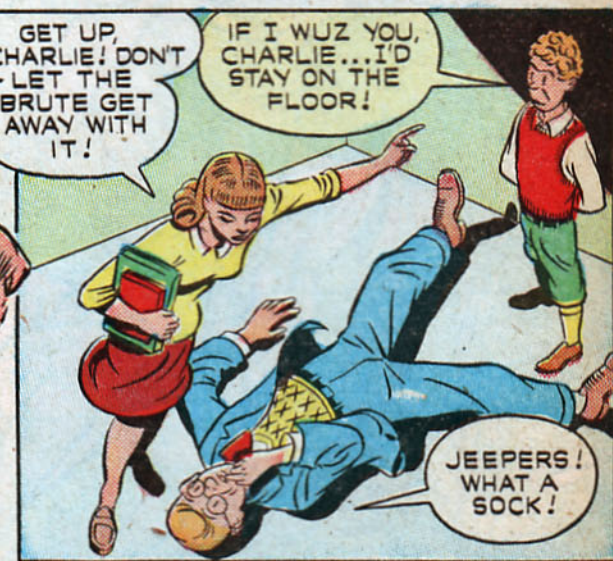
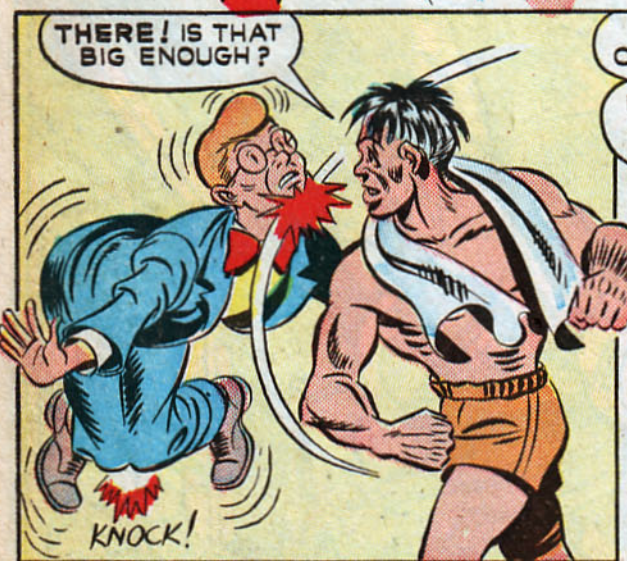
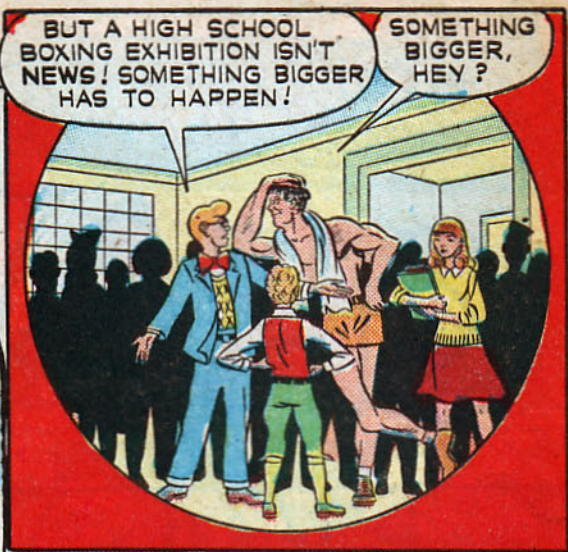
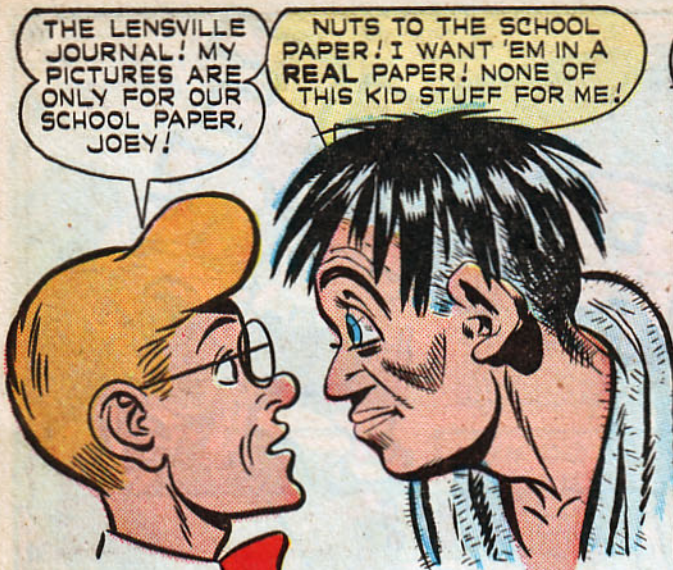
'RAY FOR  
JOEY SPANGLE!  
WHAT A MAN!

YEOW!



MAKE SURE THOSE  
PICTURES APPEAR IN  
THE LENSVILLE  
JOURNAL, CHARLIE!

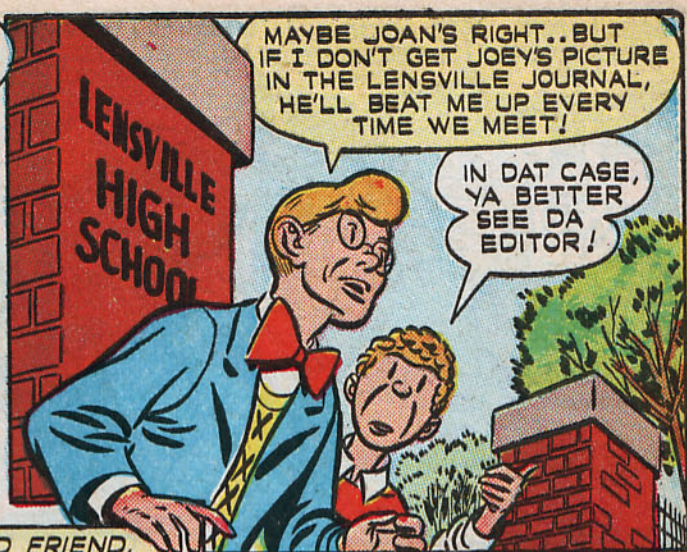
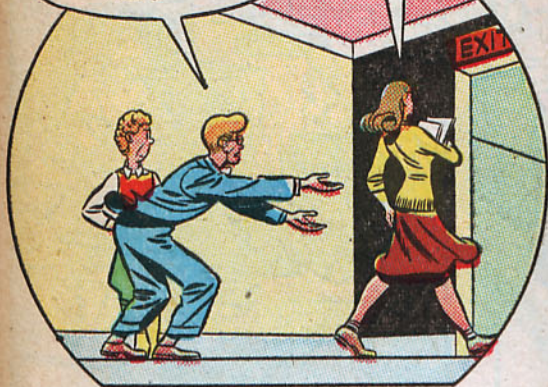






GOSH, JOAN...  
AREN'T YOU GONNA  
WALK HOME WITH  
ME?

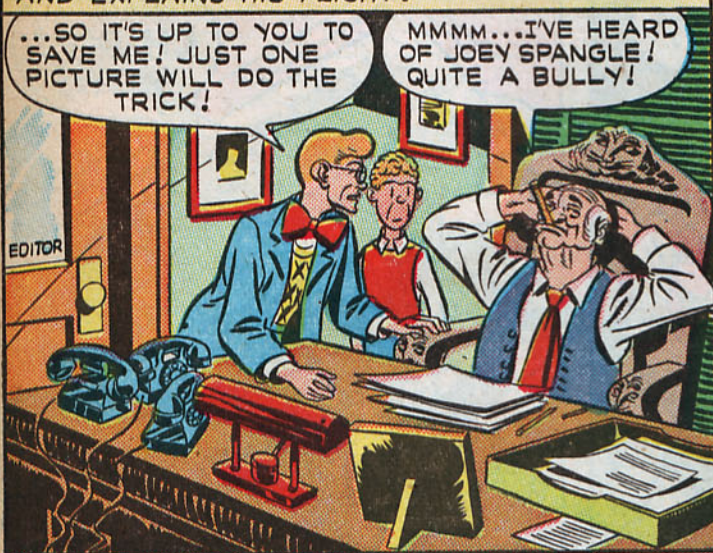
NO, THANKS! I'M  
NOT INTERESTED  
IN COWARDS!



CHARLIE GOES TO THE EDITOR, AN OLD FRIEND,  
AND EXPLAINS HIS PLIGHT!

...SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO  
SAVE ME! JUST ONE  
PICTURE WILL DO THE  
TRICK!

MMMM...I'VE HEARD  
OF JOEY SPANGLE!  
QUITE A BULLY!



BUT..ANYTHING FOR  
AN OLD PAL! I'LL PRINT  
THE PICTURE!

SWELL!  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

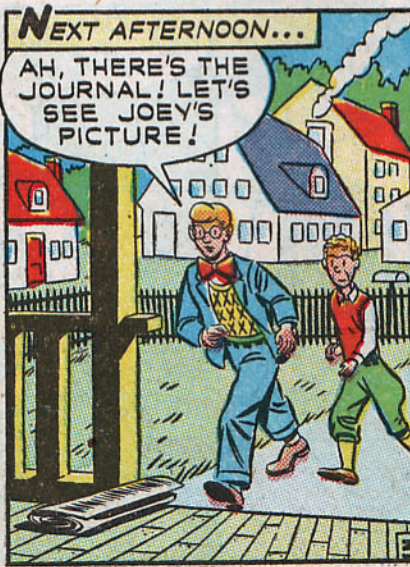


YES..I'LL PRINT THE  
PICTURE..IN SUCH A  
WAY AS TO PUNCTURE  
THAT HOODLUM'S  
INFLATED EGO!

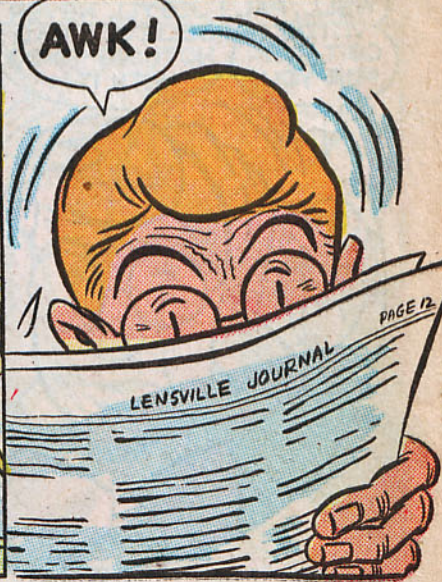


NEXT AFTERNOON...

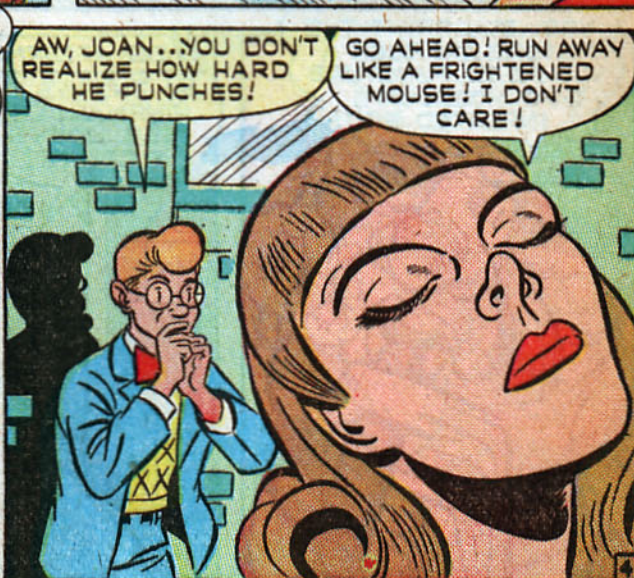
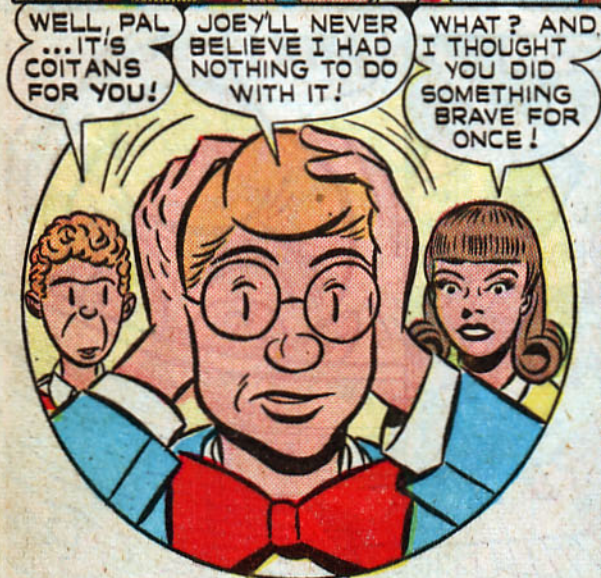
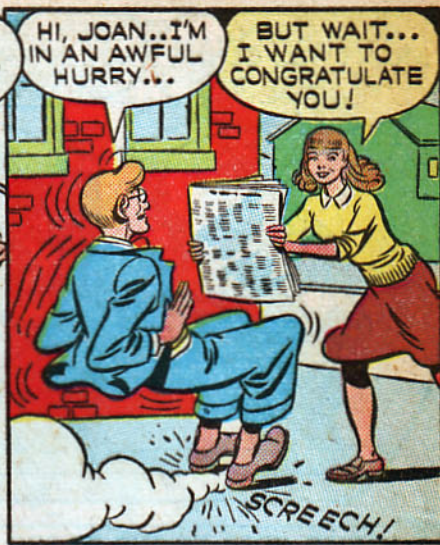
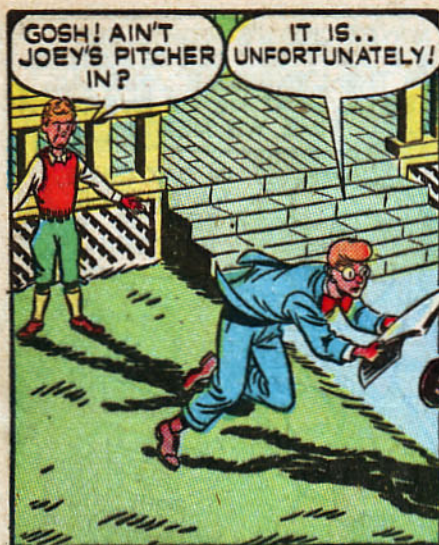
AH, THERE'S THE  
JOURNAL! LET'S  
SEE JOEY'S  
PICTURE!



AWK!





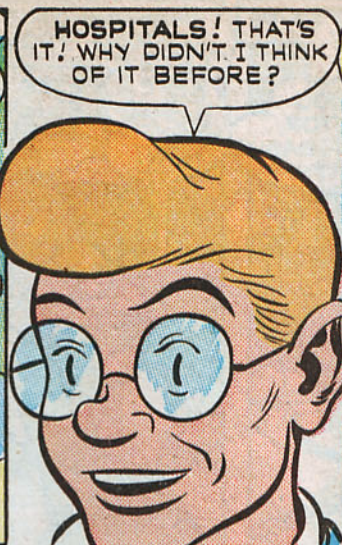




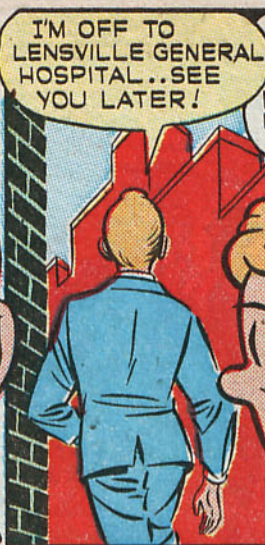


MERKIN..I JUST CAN'T RUN AWAY! SOMEHOW I'LL DEFEAT JOEY!

HUH! HOSPITALS ARE AWFUL CROWDED..WHY MAKE IT WORSE?



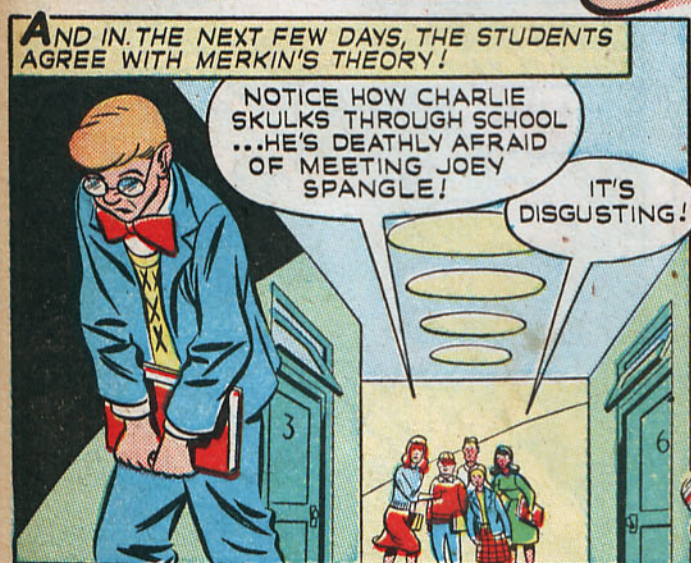
HOSPITALS! THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?



I'M OFF TO LENSVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL..SEE YOU LATER!



POOR CHARLIE! HE MUST BE CRACKIN' UNDER DA STRAIN!



AND IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE STUDENTS AGREE WITH MERKIN'S THEORY!

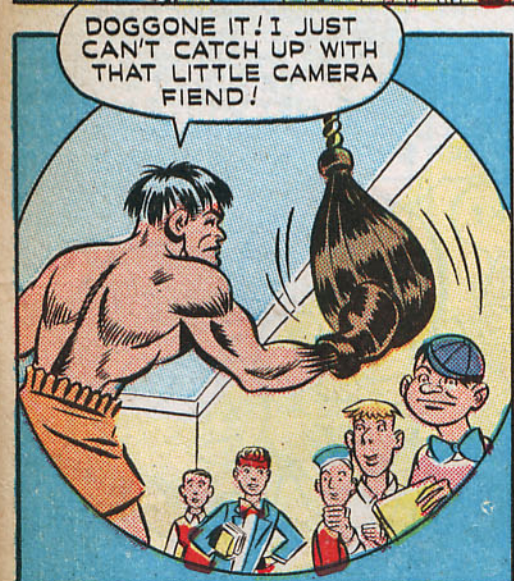
NOTICE HOW CHARLIE SKULKS THROUGH SCHOOL ...HE'S DEATHLY AFRAID OF MEETING JOEY SPANGLE!

IT'S DISGUSTING!

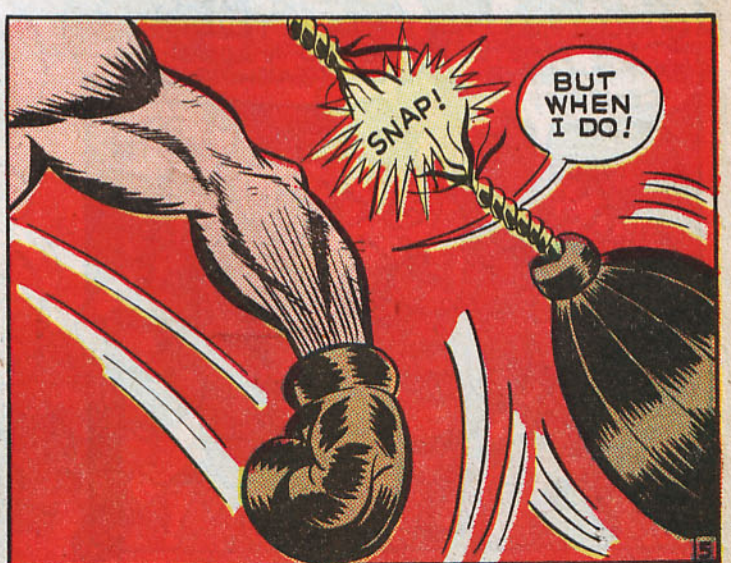


I HEAR CHARLIE'S ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE HOSPITAL NOW!

TRYING TO AVOID JOEY..BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO MEET SOMETIME!



DOGGONE IT! I JUST CAN'T CATCH UP WITH THAT LITTLE CAMERA FIEND!



SNAP!

BUT WHEN I DO!



**SURPRISINGLY, CHARLIE FINALLY SHOWS UP ONE AFTERNOON AT A JOEY SPANGLE BOXING EXHIBITION!**

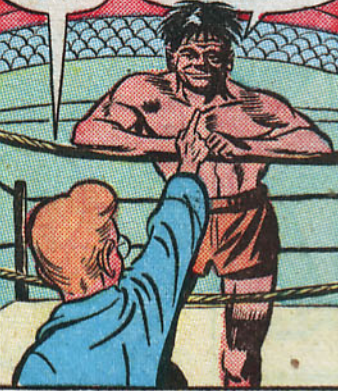
CHARLIE!

HUH! I NOTICE YOU BROUGHT A DOCTOR, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED HIM!

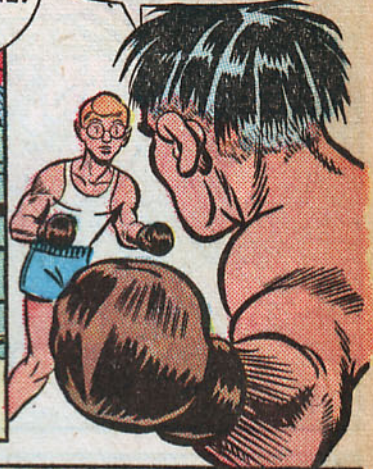


SPANGLE, I'M TIRED OF RUNNING FROM YOU! LET'S HAVE IT OUT RIGHT NOW!

STEP UP TO THE SLAUGHTER, PAL! THIS'LL BE A PLEASURE!

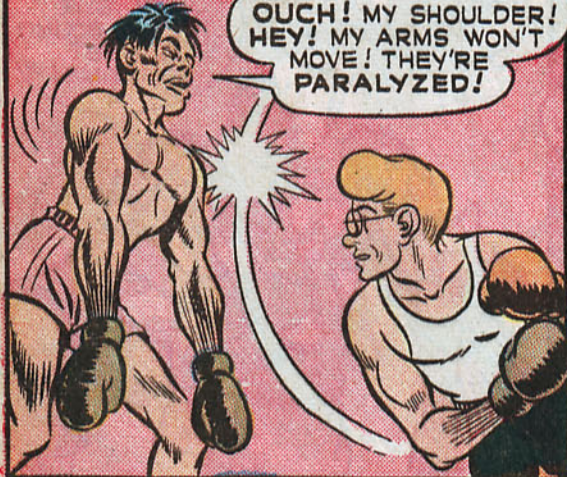


JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SOFT-HEARTED I AM, I'LL END IT ALL IN ONE PUNCH!



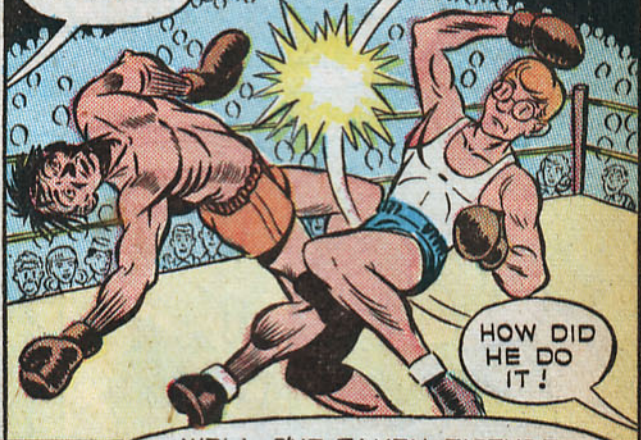
**SUDDENLY, CHARLIE LASHES OUT...WITH STARTLING RESULTS!**

OUCH! MY SHOULDER! HEY! MY ARMS WON'T MOVE! THEY'RE PARALYZED!



**JOEY'S ARMS DANGLE HELPLESSLY AS CHARLIE KAYOES HIM!**

AMAZING!

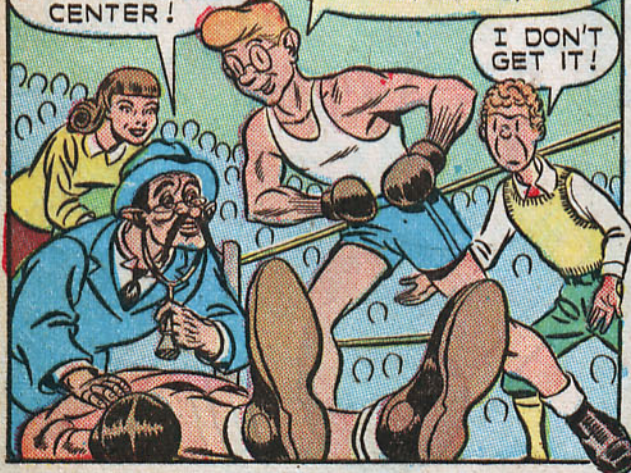


HOW DID HE DO IT!

WELL DONE, CHARLIE! YOU HIT HIM EXACTLY ON THE NERVE CENTER!

AND THAT PARALYZED HIS ARMS TEMPORARILY! YOU DID A GOOD JOB OF TEACHING, DOC!

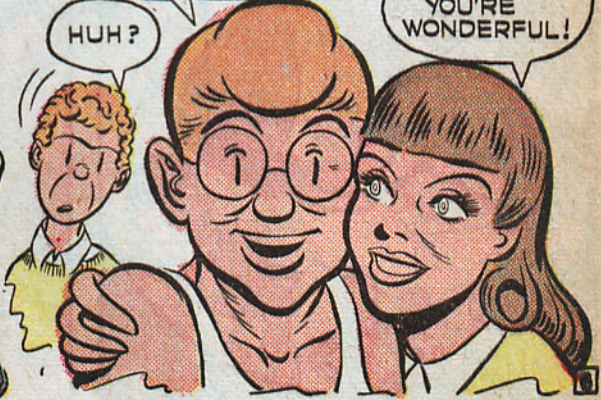
I DON'T GET IT!



WELL, I'VE TAKEN PICTURES FOR DOC MEDKIT AT THE HOSPITAL.. SO HE REPAID ME BY SHOWING ME THE WEAKNESSES OF THE HUMAN BODY! I COULDN'T FIGHT JOEY UNTIL I WAS SURE I COULD HIT THE EXACT SPOT!

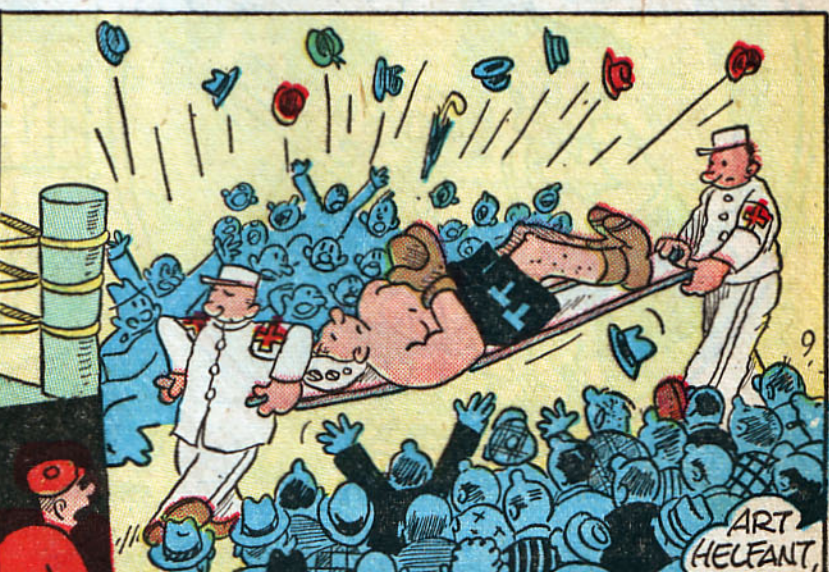
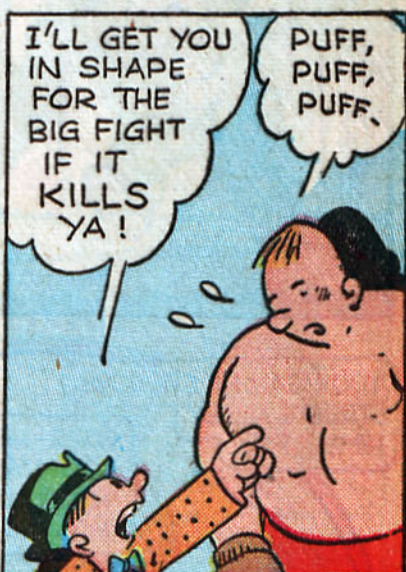
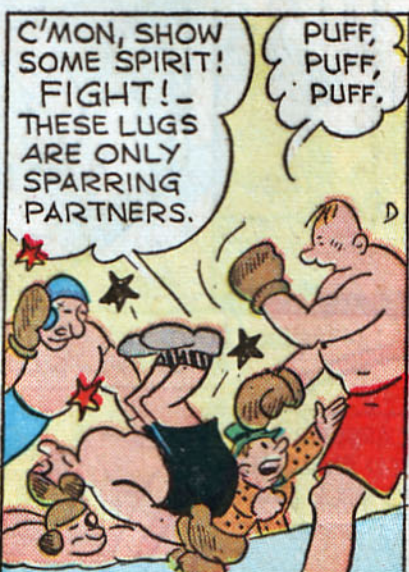
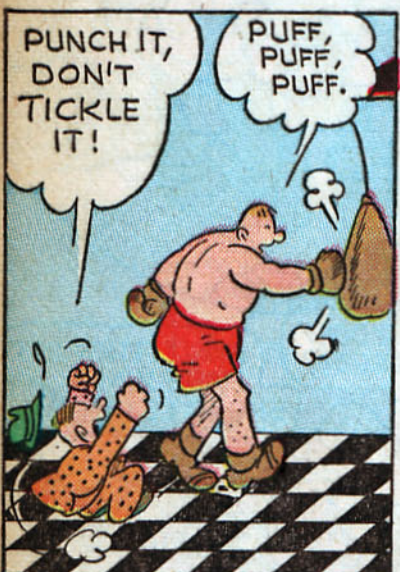
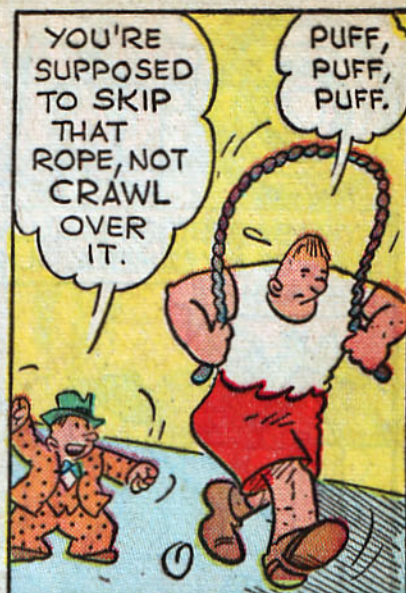
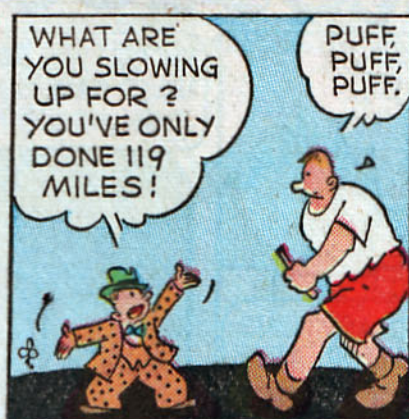
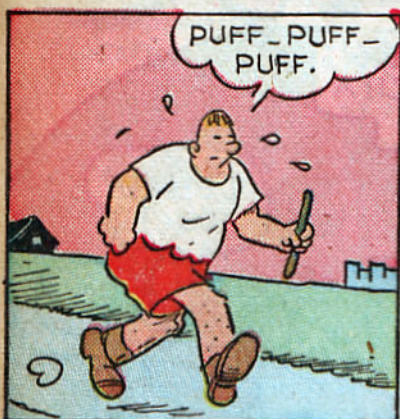
CHARLIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HUH?





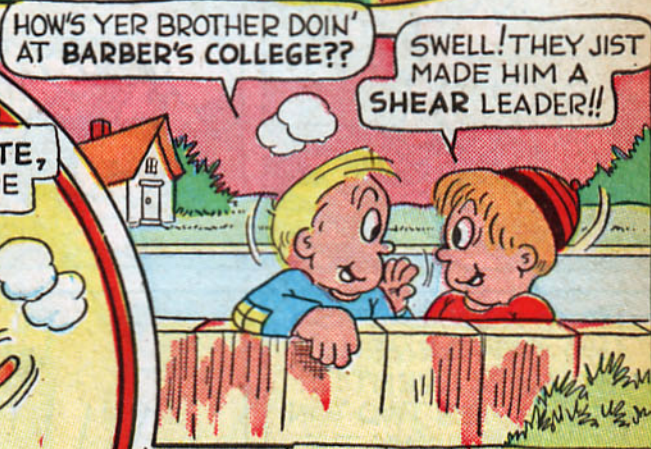
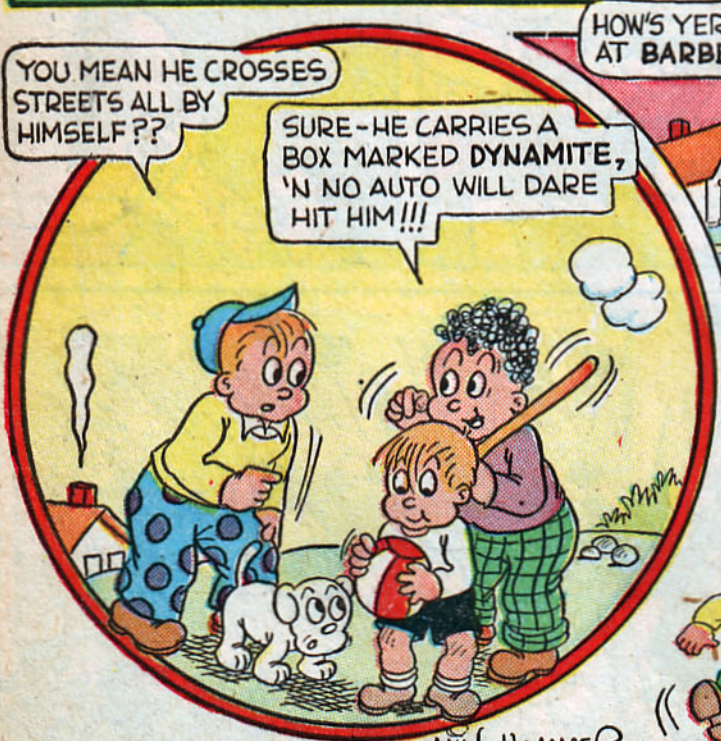
# TWO-TON O'TOOLE







# TARGETOONS



MILF HAMMER





HOW "JACK"  
THE WEAKLING

# SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



SAY! YOU ALMOST  
KNOCKED US OVER!

OUCH!



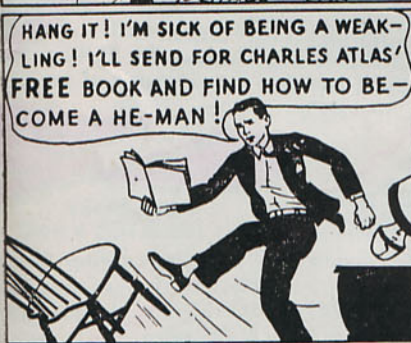
LISTEN! I DANCE THE WAY I PLEASE!  
IF YOU WEREN'T A WEAKLING I'D  
PUSH YOUR FACE IN.

HA HA

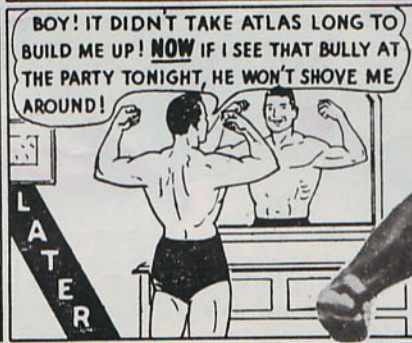


NEVER MIND SEEING ME HOME  
FROM THE PARTY, JACK. YOU  
COULDN'T PROTECT ANYBODY!

BUT HELEN..



HANG IT! I'M SICK OF BEING A WEAK-  
LING! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS'  
FREE BOOK AND FIND HOW TO BE-  
COME A HE-MAN!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO  
BUILD ME UP! NOW IF I SEE THAT BULLY AT  
THE PARTY TONIGHT, HE WON'T SHOVE ME  
AROUND!

LATER



YOU JUST BUMPED US AGAIN!  
THIS WILL TEACH YOU MANNERS!



HIT  
OF THE  
PARTY

OH, JACK,  
YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!

WHAT A  
BUILD!

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

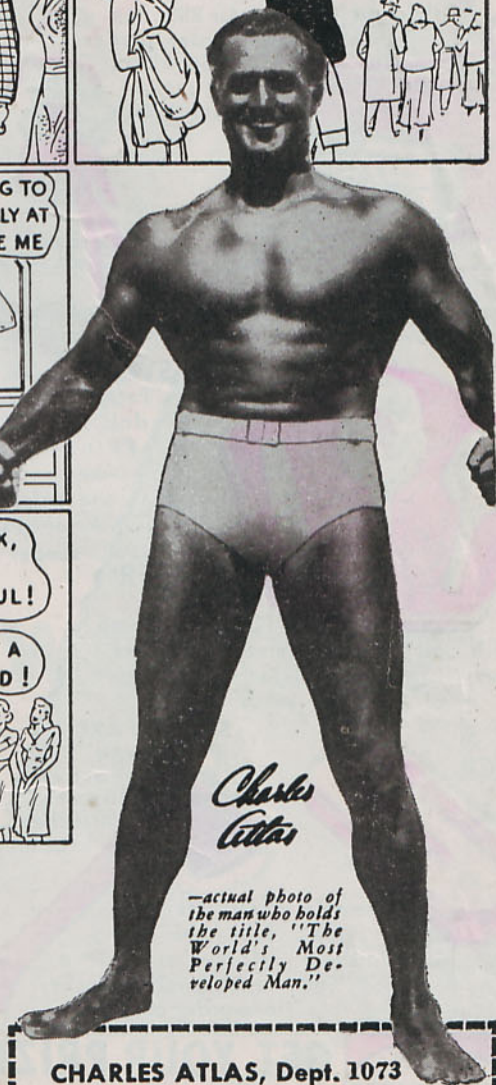
notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 1073  
115 East 23rd St., New  
York 10, N. Y.



Charles  
Atlas

—actual photo of  
the man who holds  
the title, "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1073**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



# Boys Girls **CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE**

**DAISY'S  
RED  
Ryder**  
Designed by Stephen Stanger  
**CARBINE**

**HEY FELLOWS!**  
This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



**FALCON CAMERA**  
with Carrying Case.  
16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



**DRESSER SET**  
FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of American seeds



**PEN & PENCIL SET**  
A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



**STURDY AXE,**  
with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.  
Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**  
Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



**SWEETHEART DOLL**  
"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



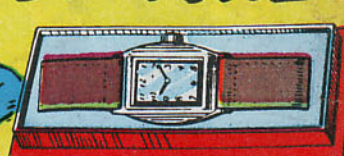
**Famous "Flying Ace"**  
Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



**Swivel Head Flashlight**  
"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds



**WRIST WATCH**  
A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.

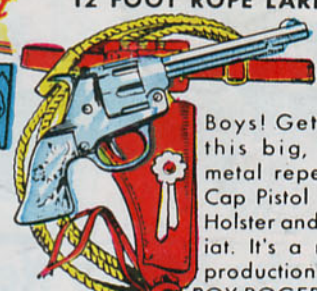


**OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET**  
Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



**A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE,**  
with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.

**ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT**



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



**Roy Rogers**  
"King of the Cowboys"

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**

No goods sent outside U. S. A.  
American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 434, Lancaster, Pa.

### MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

- shown in our big prize sheet,
- GENE AUTRY
- GUITAR
- BRACELETS
- BIBLE
- OVERNIGHT BAG
- POOL TABLE
- ALARM CLOCK
- POCKET WATCH
- ARCHERY SET

**OUR 29th YEAR**

**AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,**  
DEPT. 434 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the **BIG PRIZE BOOK** and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. Box or Street No \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_